

LUSH

THEY



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Marian S. Bush at the Easel

THEY

BY MARIAN S. BUSH



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The posthumous publication of *THEY* is made in the same form in which it was written by Mrs. Bush. In accordance with the wishes expressed by her shortly before her death, no changes have been made in the manuscript.

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Illustrations

Marian S. Bush at the Easel	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Autumn Flowers (FULL COLOR)	<i>Facing page 33</i>
The Leopard Man (FULL COLOR)	<i>Facing page 64</i>
The Ship of Death (FULL COLOR)	<i>Facing page 92</i>
A group of seven black-and-white paintings in oil and a group of seven drawings	<i>Following page 128</i>

Preface

FOR YEARS I HAVE WITH DEEP INTEREST WATCHED UNFOLD THE phenomenon of Marian Bush's painting. The word "phenomenon" is here used in the sense that implies a wholly exceptional thing, a prodigy. Such, indeed, was the nature of Mrs. Bush's art, since she felt it to have been impelled or directed by the unseen forces known to her as "They." Frequently in conversation, and once in a formal statement, she explained the procedure thus:

"After I get the canvas on the easel and paint in readiness, They move my hand up and down and onward across and sideways in all directions, as if measuring out the perspective. Sometimes They do this until my arm aches. Then, all at once, They make a preliminary sketch, or perhaps They begin to paint without any sketch or outline at all."

The phenomenon—strongly akin, it must appear, to automatic writing—has been described as "dreaming on the canvas." However we choose to characterize it and the source acknowledged by the artist, the result, I believe, should not be dealt with from the ordinary critical approach. As was once observed in a catalogue foreword, the result "can hardly be measured by the accepted standards of art produced through an intellectual attitude consciously directed."

When first I saw some of Marian Bush's paintings, back in 1933, I was not sufficiently prepared to view them in what now seems the only reasonable and just fashion. They left me groping for a critical touchstone. But at length I have come to consider hers the art of a kind of primitive mystic: untaught, "unconscious" if you will, working

at the immediate behest of what she deemed powerful forces outside herself, but (interpret the process as we choose) completely and indisputably sincere.

I do not attempt to "explain"; and what seems to be the reasonable approach has already been pointed out. Yet, accepting these strange documents at their face value, one may nevertheless perceive elements that appear related to art of more orthodox type. Some of the large black and white canvases addressed to war and war's attendant evils seem at once crude and, in the dramatic use of design, powerful.

I am thinking now in particular of paintings such as the sinister *Famine* and *Sabotage*. The impact of these and kindred subjects can be sharp and disturbing, but also, on the design count, satisfying. The "primitive" quality (as I once wrote, reviewing an exhibition) is observable in all of her work, though less so, shall we say, in *Sabotage*, with its coherently integrated all-over pattern of lines and shapes. Also inescapable is the harmoniousness of the well-sustained mood of *Famine*, which has always seemed to me one of the most pictorially effective of Mrs. Bush's prophecies in paint. In some of the flower, fruit, and leaf drawings, likewise, problems of space-filling design appear solved much as would be the case were no mysterious outside agent held to be responsible.

Yet after analysis has been pursued as far as may be thought possible, one returns, in the end, to the initial premise. Customary critical methods are inappropriate here, or at any rate are not equipped to provide us with any all-embracing answers. This is art that reflects a profound mystical conviction, expressed in terms the artist believed vouched for by agents on "the other side." As such it becomes too intricately a part of the whole occult experience to be separated and analyzed as something independent, save to the extent, or along somewhat the lines, suggested in these notes.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL.

New York, January, 1947

A Note

I MET MRS. BUSH IN 1927. WE WERE MARRIED IN 1930 AND SHE DIED IN February, 1946. Neither Mrs. Bush nor I have been spiritualists, or have ever attended a séance.

Mrs. Bush believed that a limited number of people were in contact with those in the world beyond. She was convinced that she was one of that number and by a method of thought transference she talked with her friends beyond as freely as people in this world would talk with one another. In the beginning, I had no confidence in this belief, but, as time passed, and she told me numberless things which came true, I was compelled to recognize that her belief was based upon fact.

She called her people "They," and she frequently told me they were only allowed to tell her such things as fate permitted, and never to trust them as to time, for in their world there was no time.

My friends know that I am a truthful man. I have no interest to serve, other than a desire to pass on to others a confidence in the matters covered by Mrs. Bush's book. Mrs. Bush was entirely truthful and the most remarkable person I have ever known.

I am making this statement so that those who know me and trust me may share in the belief which I have acquired.

IRVING T. BUSH.

New York City, Dec. 9, 1946

THEY TELL ME WHEN LIFE'S TALE IS TOLD
*I die—it is the end,
And though my loved ones send
Their heartbeats out to me
Across the age-old mystery
Of death—I lie there cold and still.*

*They tell me beauty dies
As I shall die and must,
That flowers crumble into dust,
And yet I know that in the air
The songs of yesterday are there—
A deathless prize.*

*I cannot prove life still goes on
To worlds beyond the ken
Of mortal eyes of men,
That heartbeats linger on for long
Uncounted—a forgotten song,
But this I know—beyond this strife
There is no pain.
Somewhere the flowers bloom again.
Death is not death—it's life.*

IRVING T. BUSH.

Autobiography

MY PARENTAGE IS OF HOLLAND DUTCH ON MY FATHER'S SIDE, AND OF Highland Scotch on that of my mother. My father's people were students and farmers as far back as we can trace. My mother's people were of the Navy. Three of her uncles were officers in the British Navy, and her father was at one time acting governor of Jamaica.

On neither side were there any artists, writers or sculptors, as far as we can find out.

My mother's people came from the North of Scotland, and I remember her telling us of her family having the power to "see things"—the gift of "second sight." I have since learned that the Scots—especially Scots of the North of Scotland—are called the "Hindus of the West" on account of their marked psychic attributes.

Ever since I can remember I have been warned in dreams of happenings and events, good and bad, before they occurred. I remember once, when I was but four years of age, dreaming about a tramp coming to the school with his feet wrapped in rags and threatening us with a sharp knife. The next day this very thing happened at the school where I was a pupil, and the teacher let us all go home because we were so frightened.

All my life these dreams have continued, and they still tell me what is going to happen. In fact, I place such confidence in these premonitions that I know absolutely that nothing of real importance, whether for good or evil, will transpire in my affairs without my foreknowledge.

Sometimes these dreams have related to great national or even world

events. One such was the sinking of the transatlantic passenger steamship in the portentous early days of World War I by a German submarine.

I was brought up in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, but am not religious and never was. I went to church when I had to, but I was not at all of the pious order, although I held such things in reverence.

As for spiritualism, so called, I held it in the utmost horror. This may have been, probably was, due to the fact that in the community where I lived the spiritualism that flourished was of the dark-room séance and commercial fortune-telling kind.

I was always afraid of ghosts, so much so that up to the time of my mother's death I would not go into a dark room alone if I could help it. Many times I would say that I was not afraid of anything alive, but that if ever I experienced any aggression from the dead I should surely expire from fright.

I remember well when at about ten years of age I read Kipling's story, *The Phantom Rickshaw*—and for long after I was afraid of the thing appearing in the streets, even in the daytime. Always my fear of the supernatural was such that I did not dare read or listen to a ghost story.

I write this to make it clear that I was the last person in the world to be interested in this subject on account of a natural aversion mingled with real fear until my mother died May 30, 1919.

I was grief-stricken, as we had been close companions. A most wonderful and intimate telepathy subsisted between us, manifested in such ways as duplications of orders, letters and such small personal affairs carried out at the same time without either individual knowing what the other was doing.

My sorrow at my mother's loss was not of the hysterical kind, however. I simply accepted the facts as they were, knowing that everything had been done that was humanly possible to prolong my mother's life. But I began to think and wonder where she was. She had said many times that if it were possible she would return to me.

At first I looked for her to show herself, as I was so inexperienced that I had no other idea as to her returning other than in visible form. After a time when I did not see her, I began to wonder *why*. It did not seem that a just and right law of the universe would permit such a thing—that two people could be in such close companionship one instant—only to be separated so entirely and absolutely the next.

I began to think I would look into this and find out what I could for myself. I would not go to any of the pretended mediums, as they were repellent to me. I must find out for myself, being too skeptical to have faith in anyone and believing only what I might prove true by trying it out on my own behalf.

I talked to friends, and one of them, herself an unbeliever, brought me an article by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which the famous author stated that he had received messages from a relative who had died proving conclusively the possibility of the dead conversing with the living. These communications had been received by means of automatic writing.

At that time I did not know what a ouija board was, but I determined to get one. I searched through all the stores in the small city where I lived, and at last found one in the toy section of a department store. I took the board home, but after reading the printed directions on the back, which said it was a game and required two or more to play it, I put the thing away in disgust. It seemed like sacrilege to attempt to talk to my mother by such means.

A short time after this I was driving over town one evening when a woman in the car ahead of mine lost control of her machine, and it ran up over the curb, striking and crushing to death instantly an old man who was walking along the street. I had to wait on the scene until the traffic was cleared, and naturally this fatality impressed itself upon my mind. No one knew who the man was, and he was taken to the morgue to await identification. Two weeks later, the local newspaper printed an article on its front page in regard to the accident which greatly interested me. This article reported that certain people, well

known and responsible, of Saginaw, Mich., had sent a communication to the paper which they had received on their ouija board while on their yacht up in Lake Huron, far from land, and in no way able to receive any knowledge as to what the said message might mean. The message they had received on their ouija board was as follows:

"Will someone please help me? One minute I was there—old and crippled. The next I am here—young and perfect! I am drifting about. It was an accident on the pretty street the water—a traffic accident. My name—Henry Villaire—Henry Villaire."

The message was followed up, and the name was found to be that of an old man who had been working on a farm—not a vagabond, as had been stated when he was killed. His home in the West was also located as a result of discovering his identity through this message received via the board.

After this, I brought out my own ouija board, for I reasoned that if an unknown man would come back to strangers, my own mother would come back to me if she possibly could if I would give her the opportunity.

Since it was a rule given on the back of the board that two people must place their hands on the little table, my father put his hands on with me. Suddenly, the little plane began to move about aimlessly. Each of us thought the other was shoving it.

But it continued to move around as if familiarizing itself with the letters. Then it spelled out slowly a few words to the effect that an elder sister had "come down" to help my mother. Finally it spelled out two short messages—one of two words, the other of five words. These referred to things that no one except my mother would know. Both were most serious, and most vital to the happiness of my mother, who showed in these messages that she knew about things going on in the house, of which we were wholly unaware. Both were about things that would have caused great sorrow to my mother, had they been allowed to continue. After this, the messages continued coming—few and indistinct and sometimes wholly unintelligible.

One evening my sister was sitting with me, her hands on the little table. Feeling chilly, she got up to get a wrap. The instant she took her hands off the table, it began to just fly for me alone. We were startled and shocked. It spelled out definite assertions, supposed facts, names, dates, scandalous gossip—nothing really bad, but rather mischievous, as we knew afterwards.

At that time I knew nothing of what I was dealing with. Since the few messages spelled out so slowly and laboriously by my dead sister in her desire to help our mother had proved so true and wonderful, I naturally supposed all communications came from the same source and accepted them impartially as truth.

Here is an important point, which must be explained. As I have stated, I did not know with what I was dealing. I had read nothing on the subject and there was no one to tell me. I had to find out all these things for myself through experience. But I knew I was in touch with some agent or agents outside my own identity. I knew that someone was writing things unknown to me or to anyone with whom I was associated.

As the days went by, the messages continued, but there was something wrong which I could not make out. Sometimes the messages were good and true and undeniably from my mother. At other times, the messages were mischievous, full of ominous warnings, leaving me in dread of some impending evil. Yet, upon reflection, these things were not so menacing after all. Rather, it was as though some malicious person or persons were trying to frighten me.

All kinds of perverse messages were interspersed with the good. They were always calculated to make trouble or cause discomfort. I was told, for instance, that I would receive a summons to New York the last of the week. I did receive such a summons. It was to meet my brother and dine with him on board the first ship of which he had been promoted to command. So far, so good. But there was another related message of quite a different sort. I must go back a bit to explain that when my brother was married, he had an elaborate wedding. There

were many bridesmaids, and the bride chose me for her maid of honor. We all wore frocks of a similar pattern, wholly impracticable for any other occasion.

Well, after the message that I was to come to New York, I began to get other messages, telling me by all means to take the gown I had worn at my brother's wedding, together with many other gowns and all sorts of things that I not only did not need, but could have had no possible use for. Yet, believing it all, I packed up all these things and brought them with me, only to find it was of no use in the world even to open the trunk, and I was laughed at for my pains. The mischievous souls who had told me to bring this superfluous luggage must have enjoyed the joke immensely.

But I began to be worried. At this point I wish to state that unless one is well balanced and can look at things in a straight, practical way, weighing and separating reasons until all is satisfactorily accounted for, psychic communication is most dangerous. It is terrifying, if misunderstood—a fearsome experience on which to embark. If they had not already fallen into desuetude, I really believe ouija boards would be banned because of frequent dire occurrences as the result of tampering with such a potent and mysterious force by unsuspecting persons.

On my return from New York, I determined to make every effort to find out just what were the conditions confronting me. I earnestly begged for advice as to what I should do. I think it was my overweening desire to unravel this mystery that made it possible for the right knowledge to come to me. I was made to understand that there are two groups of souls, and that the evil or mischievous ones are the stronger at first encounter. They are people who have died, but remained near the earth life in all its sordidness, and they do not aspire to advance to the higher spiritual plane. These evil souls have power momentarily to force back the good ones and they still possess the malevolent desires and disposition to confound the earth people.

While I never received anything worse than malicious communications from this order of souls, I know now that often very sinister and harmful things are initiated by them. The good souls told me to keep

on until I should be freed from interference of the evil ones. Once rid of the mischievous influence, it could never again reach me.

The way to suppress these bad souls was to insist with all my strength that I wished only the good to come to me. I was to even repeat this aloud, and to persevere in it until finally the blight of evil communications should cease.

After a time I grew sensitive to the differences marking the two opposite influences. The evil always used names, dates and specific earth data, as it were. On account of this familiar tone, they seemed at first to be the more able. But, after learning their true significance, I always closed my ears and turned away when these definite insinuations began to assail me.

The good souls continually urged me to hold fast, to have strength and faith in the good overcoming the evil, and they promised all sustaining help. Always this help came, and finally the evil had disappeared entirely. I sensed the salutary change in the messages.

Let me repeat that once on guard we may infallibly know the evil by their characteristic signs. They cite names, dates, places, make startling statements that still seem probable, and always involve something sinister or sordid in these messages. Untruth is their guiding motive. They are earthbound souls, as I have said, who still cling to earth and take an unholy joy in making trouble for any and all beings they can reach. The good souls, or People as I prefer to call them, are entirely different. Once away from the earth, they forget names which thenceforth mean nothing to them.

In proof of this I recall that during the first few months after my mother's death she spoke of my sister and of other persons by their familiar names. But soon these names were dropped. The housekeeper became "the sad-faced woman"—a title which fitted her perfectly, and my sister was "the happy-faced girl."

The surest proof then of the good is their indirection or broad and universal symbolism. They see things with the unlimited vision of a supra-mortal, and the trivial details escape this all-embracing view. Only the great truths and significant things as a whole are seen. The

mundane pettiness is gone. They of the other world are in a transfixed state of existence—an immaterial condition where the things that count so much with us mortals are as nothing.

The proportions are reversed. It seems that the smallness of our earthly life is so incomparable to the infinity of the soul existence that these People lose sight of what for the moment interests us. The things that are to influence our eternal life are what they see and what they can foretell for us. They seldom, almost never, regard names and dates. "There is no time here," they say. "How can we say when it will happen?" They say, "We behold what you call the future as a panorama of related events spread around you, or as thrown upon a screen. We see them assume definite shape. They appear and disappear. The screen is filled with these pictures of things that belong to your life, present or future. But how can we say specifically when they will take place? Sometimes we see snow on the ground, meaning this or that happens in the winter season. Or, we see spring flowers in the picture, so it will come in the linden-blossom time—the spring. Or, we see the fall leaves swept here and there, so we say, "It happens in the fall of the year."

Eventually I was told to discard the ouija board and get something that would write more freely, and a friend brought me a planchette—a small table which held a pencil. In the meantime I had learned there were many other spirits with my mother, but I did not as yet know about these other People. I used the planchette, placing my hand upon it when it would start to write, moved by an internal force derived from these invisible People with whom I was in contact. The planchette wrote in various ways—large, small, criss-cross, until finally it settled down to normal writing as consistent in character as the writing of an average person.

Drawing and Painting

One evening as I was writing with the planchette I was asked if I would like to have some "pretty things" drawn for me. I myself had

never taken a drawing lesson, nor had I been interested in anything along these lines in art.

The idea of my hand drawing, while resting on the planchette, interested me at once. I said I would like to have my hand made to draw. I thought my mother was the one who told me all these things, and that she must have learned to draw "over there." I always supposed the drawings were hers, or done through her, until one night she told me that she was not the artist, but that she had met someone who offered to help her in taking my sadness and loneliness away. This artist would draw pictures for me if I so desired, my mother assured me.

I did not even know what kind of paper was required. I knew only of unlined writing paper, and this I procured for the promised drawings. With these small-sized sheets I was puzzled about how to start until the message came, "Be good to us—get us right materials." So I got larger writing tablets without lines. I did not care to ask anyone what was needed—in fact, I did not know who could tell me. After I had traced about fifty of these drawings on the writing paper, the suggestion came to discard the planchette and take the pencil in my hand. I did this, and the drawings were continued automatically, as the planchette had done them previously.

About this time, a man who was related to an artist in Cleveland came to see my drawings. This man said the drawings were very good, but that I should be using the proper materials. He went to a store with me and directed me as to what to buy—a drawing board, thumb tacks, drawing paper, graded pencils, and other suitable equipment.

They, the invisible People who wrote and drew for me and told me these things, were pleased, and in due time produced drawings which the late Professor Dow of Columbia said were excellent. After the drawings had continued for a time, They said they would proceed to painting. I did not see how that could be, so I did not immediately set about getting paints.

Again and again, They suggested colors, but it seemed impossible

to me that anything could come of such an experiment. The drawings were natural enough, but anything further seemed beyond my conception. Meanwhile the drawings were continued, and in watching these develop I was perfectly happy. One evening, however, I brought home some colored crayons for my sister's children, and immediately my guiding People asked me to "be as good to them as I was to the little children"—in other words to bring them the colored pencils also.

This I did, but after using the crayons a few times they were discarded by my unseen instructors. Evidently, these materials were not to their liking. When the friend who had been interested in my drawings came again, he told me I was making a mistake in not providing the paints as previously asked for. I then got some water colors, and immediately They started me working with these.

For some time They amused me in this way, and then asked for oil paints. By this time I was convinced They could use what They asked for. I went in search of oil paints, but as the place where I lived was not an art center, I could find only one small set of these pigments, which I bought as an experiment. They told me to lay all the things out on the table, and They would tell me the use of each. They wanted nothing but the primary colors, saying They wanted to mix their own colors as They had been wont to do.

It was more difficult for me to follow their teaching in this medium, with which I had had no experience whatsoever. Their directions were vague and general, rather than technical. I used too much of everything, and many a time They would say, "If we could, we would be boxing your ears for being so untidy with these precious things." However, as time went on, I became more and more acquiescent in their direction of the movements of my hands. I learned to depend on their indication of the amount of paint to use and all such matters.

The actual method by which my painting is done is as follows: In the first place They do not wish me to make small paintings. They seem to require large spectacular canvases which will attract attention to the message They have to convey, by showing how They can

work through me, thus demonstrating that They live, think, and devise motifs and technique simply "to prove that there is no Death."

For the large canvases, They specify exact dimensions. In the case of the relatively smaller ones, They complain that I seem to wish them to make something different from their intention. They will use almost anything I provide, but They are not interested in the smaller pieces. With the larger canvases I get an eagerness to achieve something "different."

They direct me to outline in red always—why I do not know. When I ask, They say, "That is the way we learned." After I get the canvas on the easel, and the red outline paint at hand, They will move my hand up and down and across and sideways—in all directions, as if measuring out the distances. Sometimes this takes a wearisome time. During this process I have no idea whatever as to what will be the outcome—not the slightest inkling of what is to be done.

Then all at once They will say, "Take the red paint and the instrument of torture." I suppose that is meant to be humorous, for They see me so uneducated in art. They make a rudimentary sketch, or sometimes They begin to paint without any sketch or outline at all. Even when an outline is made, it is usually so abstract and careless that it seems of little help in the painting. Upon this, nevertheless, They work. Like ordinary artists and people, They sometimes change their minds. Often They will paint something in, and then hastily paint it out. When I ask why, They intimate that it does not look the same on canvas as it did in their plan.

There is nothing weird, uncanny, or strange about all this. They simply give me these directions, and I receive them with the inner hearing—the way They converse "over there." To me it is simplicity itself, not at all unnatural, except that I am guided by their thoughts inducted to my perception, and these same thoughts take possession of the brain cells that actuate my hands. It is simply telepathy between my mind and the minds of these People. These unseen People are using my hand, obedient to their own thought and concept.

In other words, it is thought transference,—a sort of telepathy which carries their thoughts to me.

They do all their work freehand. I use no rule, compasses, or stencils—In fact, if I try anything like that it seems to bother them. They work very rapidly. Sometimes, I think this is my fault, because, not knowing what They are trying to express, I get tired, and They seem to feel it and spur me on. Always They beg for time and patience to do things right. When I give them time, They will take it, and much more, and the result is invariably finer work. I am absolutely sure that anything crude or rough or inept in my work is my fault entirely, due to lack of patience on my part.

Now do not misunderstand me. These People, as I call them, do not literally take my hand and paint with it. It is telepathic instruction They impart. Their thoughts operate my brain cells, thus bringing about what They would do if They themselves were handling the brushes and paint. I am attuned to receive these thoughts and understand them. There is no audible speaking voice, yet I am as conscious of each word as if it had been spoken.

I require no special conditions unless perchance a reasonable degree of quiet. If I become too anxious or too much interested, I do not do as well. I seem to raise a barrier between myself and these People. The more passive I am and the freer my mind, the better I can do.

"Question us and we withdraw," They will say if I am too importunate. They do not follow any inclinations I may have in regard to the painting. Rather, if I express a wish for a certain thing, They will paint something far away from that particular thing. When I ask why, They will say they cannot achieve anything into which my own will or mind enters. They would seem to imply that it denatures their work for me to have any ideas at all of the subject.

I repeat, when I become too interested in what They are engaged upon, They will distract my attention, divert it altogether by starting to tell me about a letter on the way, or about something that is going to happen.

In regard to all these People, and their number is myriad, I have

been told very little about names and identities. Gustave Doré was the first artist to tell me of his name. My introduction to him savors almost of the ridiculous. The name was printed out many times—simply Doré, but I did not know who or what Doré stood for. Remember, I had never been inside an art gallery, and knew absolutely nothing of art or its history. It was perhaps the unlikeliest thing that could happen that I should ever become an artist or painter. So, when this name, Doré, was given me as that of someone who was painting for me, I took the word of a German woman who came in to look at my work and believed her when she said the unseen artist was probably a German woman, called "Dora."

Dr. W. F. Prince had my letters of that period in which I alluded to "Doré" as "she" many times. I did not really know who Doré was until I brought the first six small paintings to New York, so that Dr. Prince might show what I was receiving from this soul world to some recognized authority.

Professor Arthur Wesley Dow, then head of the Fine Arts Department at Teachers College, Columbia University, told me that Doré was a French artist, a man who had illustrated the Bible and Dante's *Inferno*. Subsequently, I saw these illustrations for myself. It is a fact that Doré made me understand that all the gruesome and horrifying things in my paintings were devised by him. Dr. Prince had Professor Dow come to look at the paintings. Professor Dow said if I chose to use my art commercially, I would win fame, but he said I was painting at the caprice of souls and that they were likely to leave me at any time. He pointed out that my work was for large mural, decorative effects and that as such should be presented in sets or a related series. He did not think that would be practicable, as such a force of inspiration, souls of the other world, could not be depended upon to carry through one subject in a series of related painting. As an example of decorative painting presented in a series, Prof. Dow cited the sixty-four related murals used shortly before at Wanamaker's Store in Philadelphia.

However my spiritual helpers assured me that They would never

leave me, that They could, if necessary, paint a picture for every hour of the day as long as I lived. To prove this, I might get a hundred or a thousand canvases, each five feet by three and one-half, and They would show me how they could take one motif and carry it through a set indefinitely. This was the origin of my Temple Set.

Strange Technique

They use, as I have indicated, a strange and peculiar technique. The reason for this is twofold. First, They wish to prove that They have added to the knowledge They took away from this world with them by using this new technical development. Thus They make it evident that They have evolved an original method in working in oil paints, different from any then as yet practiced.

The second reason for the strange technique is to attract immediate attention to their work, so as to interest people in the message it is designed to carry—namely, that these people live and think, and, having evolved a new medium of artistic expression, can use someone here on earth as an instrument, announcing through their return the survival of the soul.

So much for the why and wherefore of this work. As I have already related, when my mother died, I was very sad, as I know all are who suffer loss of their loved ones. Then, I found out for myself that my mother lived, that she was with me, and had not gone out of my life at all. This solaced my unbearable grief and brought me ineffable happiness. As soon as these communications began, I knew they were intended for myself alone. The same is true of the drawings, which were something tenderly planned to keep me amused, instead of dwelling upon my great loneliness.

But, as time went on and these People saw my spiritual recovery, a change came over them also. One night, They confided that I was a perfect instrument for their use, that They "could come to me as easily as the summer wind lightly touches the sweet-toned harp that hangs in the open casement."

They asked me if I would be willing to give up all things for them. They said with such an instrument They could administer comfort and happiness to thousands of grief-stricken people who were suffering as I had suffered. They said if I would give up my life to them, They would bring me every gift—painting, writing, sculpture, music—all things that appealed to the love of beauty in humankind, and add to all these the gift of divination. I must confess that I hesitated. I am in truth hard-headed and naturally skeptical.

But again They besought me, and finally I said I would give up all I had for the cause. They said I would go through troubles and sorrows, that my hands would become like those of a day-laborer, but that in the end I would reap lasting joy through the gifts They would bestow.

My desire, then, is only to make people believe and know that the ones who have died are still with them, although unseen and unheard, and that They would have those still here to be happy instead of mournful. The only thing that hurts these People who have passed into the higher existence is the affliction of those left behind. That is the one pang They suffer. They entreat me to tell the people here to cease weeping for them. They are happy and busy and waiting for the loved ones They left here to join them.

How do I know these things to be true? I have lived and tested all, step by step. I am not carried away with something that appeals to the sentimental side of my nature. My skeptical distrust of all things of this kind has made me more than careful. Nor was it the great things foretold for my future that tempted me. It was the little things that made me believe—that convinced me beyond a doubt that my own mother was still in existence in her own identity and was able to go wherever she wished.

I will detail a few of these small convincing things as examples. I may say there were more than I could count. By specifying a few among hundreds, I hope to show how I, or anyone else, could not have escaped conviction, no matter how contrarily prejudiced in the beginning.

One evening I was talking to my sister about something our mother had told me when she began to weep, and said, "But surely she is with me some of the time. Ask her." I did so, and my mother answered that she was often at my sister's house.

"I was with her today," she added. "I saw Jamie (my sister's little boy) take some sticks and put them together, saying, 'Mama, come and see the thing I have made.'"

To my sister, this was a revelation. She said, "Well, that is true. This afternoon, Jamie took some small pieces of wood and fastened them together and said, 'Mama, come and see the airplane I have made.'"

Another evening, my sister came to our house, and as she sat down to talk, my mother said, "I was with her just now. I heard her telling the children the story of the gold at the end of the rainbow." My sister said this was precisely what she had been doing. She had been telling them this story as she was putting them to bed, so that she could come up and talk to me a while.

Another time, I was writing for myself when my mother said, "Tell Mrs. Pollack (our housekeeper whom we had had for several years) to take the little mirror out of the sun and put it away." She had noticed it lying in the sun when she passed through the library. The little mirror had been given to my mother by my father at Christmas. The housekeeper, when I told her of this, said, "Why, I found the mirror on the table in the sunlight two days ago, and I did put it away." Evidently, my mother had not passed through that room again since she had seen the mirror there.

Another time my mother said, "Tell Mrs. Pollack not to be eating the lonesome meals—the brown, heavy things are making her ill." I did not know what this referred to until I had told Mrs. Pollack. Then, she said she had been in the habit of going to the corner bakery each afternoon and getting some doughnuts, which she ate while drinking strong tea. She had been complaining of illness, which ceased when she stopped the "lonesome meals."

Again, my mother told me to tell Mrs. Pollack that she had gone

to the store with her and that she saw the man and her looking at the "pretty goods, such as her own mother used to wear." When I related this to Mrs. Pollack, she told me she had in fact gone to the dry-goods store that day and that the salesman had shown her some old-fashioned print muslins such as were worn a generation ago.

Now, take an endless number of such trivial things thus communicated and have them all confirmed as true, occurring at such times that no one could see or hear them unless my mother were there, as she said, and you will understand that I could not choose but believe.

All these things were told me evenings after dinner when I sat down to write with paper and pencil. I preserved the writing. It was this that made the messages important and evidential, for I was away from the house from nine to five every day, and these intimate trivialities were actually proof that my mother had been at home when I was absent miles away. These small intimate confidences about what passed in my absence were what convinced me, and I am not easily convinced.

They say the spirit is the soul itself, the animate power that has actuated the physical body to carry on its earthly work. When the soul quits the body, it leaves behind it all the material accessories, and has no use for the mundane accompaniments of physical life.

Once the communion between the two worlds is established, it is clear to see why, when things are foretold, They, these souls, see them in such different light and proportions. What to us is great, to them is as nothing. The means of communication between the two states of existence can be only through people who are so mutually attuned that they receive far-off tidings as we do by the radio. There will never be fashioned by the hand of man anything that can be an essential instrument to receive these messages.

I am not a believer in the physical materialization of spirits. I believe what these People tell me. They are far-advanced souls and They know whereof They speak. I have, as already illustrated, tried them out. I once placed the smallest, frailest petal of a flower on the table

and I asked them to bring it to me as I continued painting at my easel. Their answer came as quickly as my question. "Our hands are lighter than the breath of the flower itself. Our feet leave no tiny trail in the dust. How can we bring you the petal of the flower?"

I asked them if they could be photographed. They replied, "Extend your thumb and forefinger as far apart as possible, and imagine the distance between to be as high as the soul of the tallest man. We will say the soul is standing there. Now press the thumb and forefinger together as closely as possible—so tightly that it hurts—and the soul still is between them. What is there to photograph?"

These People tell fragments of their former earth history. One says he slept on the hillside with his sheep. Another tells of sitting in high office with robes of state about him. Another was a wanderer on the face of the earth, a traveler here and there. Another, a woman, said she wore rags and ate food fit only for cattle, so that she might study art. Another talks continually of Berlin and Unter den Linden, and tells of having seen the glory of the ascension of the Emperor.

Still another tells of France and its black colonial troops. One has "studied measuring, size and proportion in Berlin for seven long years, and yet never mastered art to any degree." One has spent a year in Japan, working out theories of color. Others tell of having paintings in the Louvre, and of sculpture in world-renowned galleries. Many, many talk of silken tents and camels, things of the desert and the jungle—flowers, birds, and beasts, and hidden cities of ancient treasure, where great jars of gold stand still untouched. All seem to bring some remembrance of their earthly life, sometimes only a fragment, sometimes related to casual things, even as we relate them.

One medieval artist, a craftsman, tells how he mixed his own colors, and another describes how he "heated things" and then tapped them well, and by the sound knew when the plaster was dry enough to be painted. I always got the name of Della Robbia with this. Whether or not it is the same artist who figures in the following incident I do not know. One day a writer interested in my work took me

to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She did not say to which department she was taking me, nor specify any particular object. We entered a certain room and she told me to look at a painting—a sort of raised medallion or bas-relief in color, and to see what impression I got. After I had studied this piece a while, I listened, and these thoughts, words, came to me: "I remember—I remember—long, long ago—far, far away—my work. But why is it separated? Alone it means nothing." After I had reported this, we read the title and description of the work. It was a work of Luca della Robbia, but only a third of the complete original. Of the three parts, one was here, and two others still in Italy.

These items are only the minutest part of my experiences. Some people may judge that all these things are but the unfolding of my subconscious mind. But how can this be true when so much of the long forgotten or wholly unknown past is brought to me? The subconscious mind holds only what has been impressed upon it in some former hour of earthly life. It reflects only that which has been seen, heard, read, or in some way remembered. When occasion occurs, this memory or impression held so long in the subconscious mind emerges. The subconscious mind cannot reveal what has not yet taken place in earthly existence. Nor has the subconscious mind the power to foretell events. It may recall some event from the far-distant past, but cannot by any stretch of the imagination project itself into the future and tell what is to happen in years to come. Then why are They able to foretell events of enormous importance to the world many years before they happen?

The concept of reincarnation is not tenable as an explanation, being inconsistent with the things these People have taught me. They teach that the soul is a part of the great God, who is the author of our being, and is born with the conception of the physical body; that this soul lives its life on this earth only once; then, having laid a foundation for itself here, it passes on to another world where it continually progresses until it reaches perfection, becoming a part of the God from which it originally came.

Telling of their world, these People say: "We have here the things of the earth that you have there, but we possess them in another fashion. For example, long ago in the earth life we wore a glittering ring. Something seems to recall the ring to our recollection, and lo! it shines upon our finger. Again, we think of the flowers of the earth and question wistfully 'Where are the flowers we loved?' And there blooming before our eyes are the flowers.

"So it is with all things of the earth. The soul wishes for something and has it. The beauty of earth is as nothing compared with the corresponding beauty here. We think of the flowers of the earth, as they were there, but that is not as they are in this world. Here? They have perfection in every detail. Here they have the colors that mortal eyes could not endure to look upon. Their fragrance here cannot be expressed by words. It is the same fragrance, yet far finer, exquisitely perceptible to the soul.

"Other familiar things are here. The dog that followed us so joyously when we gathered wild flowers in the wood still is our devoted companion. We see the love light in his eyes. Even the tiny flower we heedlessly crushed underfoot again spangles the celestial sod. The trees spread heavenward. Their leaves quiver in the breezes. They cluster on the hills as of yore. The music of the spheres is all around us, vibrating eternally in the air.

"Birth there is not. Death there is not. Love there is, and love rules.

"There is infinitely more we could tell you. We might tell how the forest trees have feeling, and their own sylvan souls. 'They live and die,' you say. Yet not so. They give their all to the earth life, you think. Ah, no! They give to mortal life nothing but the outside semblance, even as you do. The sylvan soul of the tree wafts hither, gentle accompaniment to the soul of man.

"The patient camel of the desert comes in his last caravan here. Heavy-hearted, he has left the earth behind. Ended the weary journey and the burdensome days. Then poor, tired feet, baked and hardened in the hot sands of the desert, come at last to the cool oasis.



Autumn Flowers

"Death, so called, is merely what happens when the soul quits the body. It is a higher state when the soul leaves behind the shell it has occupied since birth. It is the time when LIFE itself begins. It is the time when death is conquered for all time.

"After the earthly death, no more closed doors confront the soul. Death opens the one door to all—the future stages of advancement in the real life.

"The first thought of those who die, on awakening here, is this: Why were we not told of this life before? Why were we left there in darkness and superstition? Why had we no intimation that we were to enter into a state of glorified existence, yet similar to that in which we lived on earth? It would so have helped us to have known that we were simply passing through that existence in a progressive state of being.

"Know that this is a farther over-plane. You still carry on with the ideas you started to realize there. In this farther over-place, you still are not entirely free agents. You have trying difficulties to overcome in exchanging that world for this. You will meet opposing forces here. You must fight for your ideals here as well. Strength and willpower have to be developed here, even as you struggled to fortify yourself on earth. The fortunate ones are those who there learned to fight. So prepared, they may successfully carry on their conflict here. This other existence is not a place of lassitude and inertia. It is a place where things are realized on a scale of greater magnitude than ever was dreamed of there. It is a place where the full fruits of endeavor are finally to be grasped, where the ideals that flitted through our minds there for an instant only are now constantly with us, leading us on to achievement.

"You think before coming here, if you think of this world at all, that it is a place barren of green trees and flowing rivers and luscious fruits. But all these things are here perceived and enjoyed through more than mortal senses. You will ask how these things can exist without material substance. They exist, but in a broader and freer meaning of the word. So sensitive and vivid is the imagination of the

soul that it clothes and surrounds itself with the essences of the things of earth that it most desired. The life that craved beauty there is here surrounded with loveliness ineffable, upon which eyes of earth could not have endured to gaze.

"Here the soul must live its undivided life, as there. It must take up the burden of life where it left off and carry it on. Instead of falling inert, it starts again with renewed vigor, with higher hopes, and with full assurance that it is on the right road. Soon the enfranchised soul becomes accustomed to its changed surroundings. It meets opposing forces here; it struggles and overcomes them, for it still has the disadvantage of human environment to throw off. It seems to stand alone at first, then friendly forces rally, and the tide of battle turns.

"The first thing that the soul coming here realizes is that the fear of impending evil that seemed always to hang over it there is entirely gone. Gone is the strain that held the body tense. Gone is the shadow of descending woe. Instead there comes a feeling of infinite peace. The face that looked tired and wan in life now radiates freedom from care. The inward light of the soul shines out and it is of inconceivable beauty. It has imperceptibly the form of the body it left, and yet has brought nothing of the earth with it. It has brought memories, for it holds dear the recollection of other days."

This is a small part of the teachings of the other world. If it shall bring comfort to saddened hearts, I am more than pleased, for my own sorrow was so great, and I dread to think of other lives so afflicted by death, when if the truth were known, there should be cause for rejoicing instead of bereavement over the one who has finished this earth life of anxieties and tribulations.

Introduction

THEY—WHO ARE THEY?

They are the souls of those who have lived here on earth from far-distant times down to the present moment. They are the disembodied essences of those who have long since departed from this life. They are the souls that have passed into the Forever Ever Land, and so have risen to an exalted height, being already far advanced toward the Perfection or God which gave them birth and to which They return for eternal life.

They have long since forgotten the language of the earth, and have formulated a language of beauty which seems to confer life even on the inanimate things of which They speak. This language has been explained to me as thought waves passing between the inhabitants of this soul world, as each speaks to each. They have made me understand that I can be an instrument for their interpretation. This is because my make-up, physical and mental, is of such an order that I am a sensitive and reproductive receiver for their revelations.

Ages it is since They lived here. From far-away realms They now come to us, and yet They are interested in the affairs of earth. They have come to me for a definite purpose. This purpose is to strengthen the faith of those who already believe in the after-life, and to instil this faith in those who have no conception of the spiritual world. To all They offer hope and happiness.

In this book, which has been gathered together day by day as their thoughts were received by me, I shall try to embody these thoughts in as clear statements as possible, in order to fulfil the mission entrusted to me. To some this may bring new hope. In others, faith may be restored in a God once believed in, but now forgotten. To others, still, may be proved the fallacy of thinking that death ends all.

First, I shall explain the method of communication. It is inner hearing or clair-audience—thought transference—with no more sound

than the receiving set of the radio gives without the mechanism to throw the wave received into a voice heard by thousands. It is the same as telepathy between two people here. One will receive a thought sent over thousands of miles, without any apparent wire or current to conduct it. It is only that one mind is attuned to catch the thoughts of another, both being in the same wavelength plane, as it were.

Why do They return to the people of earth? They return to show us that They still live, that They still are interested in the fate of those who mourn for them; and by trying to reach them to help them.

Where is this unseen world? This unseen world is EVERYWHERE. It has no limits or boundaries. It has no stars, no sun. They hunger not, neither do They thirst. Being all soul, a vibration of the air, They need nothing in the material sense of the word.

What is the reason that all do not receive these communications? As I have explained previously, those who are attuned to the same wavelength can receive them, none others. This does not mean that all do not have their departed loved ones around them. Whether they hear or not, it is the same. All who have suffered the great loss must believe this message: that those whom they think far distant are really with them, constant attendants. It is strange to say, but those who have gone into the soul world and are progressing on the road to the Prime Mover of all things, God, are not interfering with their advancement by lingering near the ones they love.

Again, who are They?

First, there are many groups of these People who bring me tidings of this other world. Many of them left this earth centuries ago. This is shown in their hesitancy of language in expressing the simplest things. They use their own symbolistic expressions. For instance, when They wish to tell about something which will not last long, they call it "a tented affair." The explanation is that one lives in a tent only a short time before it is folded up and taken to some other place.

Another time They will say: "Sweep the hearth clean." This means, stop everything in which you are now engaged.

Another time They will say: "Consider well the reed that grows by

the river, watch how the wind sways it." This means, watch the person well and see in which direction he turns.

Another time They will say, in language reminiscent of Christ's parable: "Look at the lily of the field. It does not sew its sheath, nor does it paint its petals, yet it is always clothed, seemly and fair."

They tell me of "deep sea" affairs, meaning deep-laid plans of men. Often They say: "The tallest tree is the one the lightning strikes." Always They speak of the sea; much of their discourse is intertwined with lore of the mighty deep.

The trees of the forest mean much with them, also the shifting sands of the desert, and the silken tents of the nomads. Much of the familiar legendry of long ago is mingled in their talks with me.

Always the love of nature is in evidence. The fragrance of the flowers, the breathless whisper of the summer wind, the crystal tracery of the winter frost, the message-bearing leaves of forest trees, the pebbles of the brook, murmuring as they are displaced by their sweet yet voiceless utterance.

Bright-winged bees, in their wide quest of honey, seem to intrigue them much. And always They worship beauty, the universal. Not one phase or detail of beauty escapes them.

The golden down on the throat of the lily has full value in their sight. A petal of the tiniest star-flower is to them touched with divine glory. The call of the wild dove is a note of celestial music and the strong wind sweeping through the trees a great orchestra throbbing to the baton of the maestro. They echo the elemental beat of ocean waves on the shore. They catch the aerial harmonies of singing pines, the rhythmic sighing of poplars, and the vagrant scent of jungle blooms, all in the same breath. This would seem to indicate that some of these groups hold people of various nations and climes. Some of them vaguely recall a mighty cataclysm in which "tens of thousands went down to death" (might it not be Atlantis?). Others again tell of a city whose streets were desolated at one breath, and all its inhabitants destroyed by a fearsome plague that crept in from the sea. They tell of deep rushing rivers between cliffs so high that the light of the sun

never reaches them and never a star is reflected in their dark waters.

And so from snowy mountain tops to sunken vales, from seas unplumbed to drifting sands of the desert, from waving palms of tropic shores to surges thundering on bleak bastions of rock where even the sea-gull dares not alight, They whisper tales to me.

Not ever am I alone. Not ever do I require companionship of others. Always They are near me. Hither and yon They float in glimmering clouds, ethereal beings of the soul world, so constituted that They tire not, nor hunger. Always their theme is the radiance of the spirit world, around the throne of a God who is Love. They tell of happy children there, and of age-old men who have regained their youth. And of all their revelations the clear distinction They make between earth life and soul life is the most absorbing.

The earth, They say, is a place of troubles, ruled by hatred, swept by dire misfortune, where the rarely perfect day is not perfectly happy. And yet earth is a place where the human being must dwell until the time comes for the soul to emerge from this somber forest. Also, this earth is the field where each soul sows its seed and reaps its harvest, so determining its future place in the spirit world.

Intimations of Immortality

THE LAST BREATH OF LIFE THERE ON EARTH TAKES AWAY EVERYTHING evil. The first breath of life here in immortality brings with it everything good, bright, happy and beautiful. Such a feeling of freedom from fear, coupled with such happiness, that you wish to do something.

At this wish to accomplish something, the Light from above shows you what to do. The direction comes from above, as if written upon the sky in words of fire. There are no words of command. The great Light guides; we all follow. No one questions the course charted for the pilgrim soul. Each is a part of the whole, as in a vast wheel. From the

center the wheel turns. Different individuals are in different places, each in harmony with all the others.

The Shining Light, the Light that never fails, shines over us all. It is high in heaven, transcendent, glorious. It is this Light from above that brings happiness. All happiness comes from this Light. It is bright, bright, bright. It is shining. It illuminates every face. Everything here is illumined by this Light. It shines on everything, and is reflected back doublefold by all things shined upon.

This wonderful Light that covers us with its rays is made up of these souls that have reached the highest pinnacle, having become a part of Eternal Ecstasy. We need all these souls and we need the earth there for their beginning. We need sorrow and suffering there, because that is a part of the Great Scheme of Purification.

Here all souls go up and up until they become part of this Light. We realize that we are going upward to this Light and are to become a part of it—Ecstasy. On this plane we reach perfect happiness. Imagine that if you are able! When we become part of this wonderful wave of Light, we know that will be the end of our striving, and this Light of which we are a part, lasts eternally.

This is the end of the life of the soul. The soul starts there on earth in sorrow, darkness and crime even—among all bad things. When it enters this world, it begins to advance until finally it reaches the billows of Light that flood everything. That is the end of the soul—Ecstasy.

Sometimes on earth you glimpse the Light of God for an instant only. Yet that instant holds the beginning and the end of all things. What plans and orders the universe is there. We do not see this Light of God often—only after mortals have done something to help a fellow being to assuage the sorrow of earth people. Seeing this Light of God is greater exaltation even than the foretaste of ecstasy, for it partakes of the Absolute Perfection.

This Light that comes from what you call God is the God of all that ever was or will be. The God of all light is not the God that common mortals conceive—not a person, not a restricted being. God is sublime.

omnipresent and omnipotent, all-loving and all-pitying, caring for uncared-for things, giving aid and comfort that the world cannot give.

This Light lives forever. Not one atom of it grows dim. It helps here and there. All over the world this Light goes. Wherever it finds one tiny thing to reflect its Light, on that it shines. That is, wherever it finds anything to reflect from, it reflects. Something above us directs us. It says, "Go there," and we go.

Whatever that great Light is, it is too wonderful to be described. The Light is a pure, white Light that penetrates everything, but does not blind us. After the arrival of the soul here, as time goes by, the soul becomes brighter and brighter until it finally becomes part of that Great Light. Life of the risen soul is high from the very beginning. We, of the spirit realm, do not know all, and yet we know more than anyone in your world knows. As we progress, our knowledge becomes greater and greater, until we reach the infinite understanding that knows all things.

Time and space

To us there is no distance. Here is here, and here is every place. There is no time to us. We see a thing, and it is now. Everything is NOW with us. Everything, past and present, as you would say, is before our eyes. Now means always; we reckon no time. Even where you are there is no time. Here is one present time, and there is another present time. One says to another, "We will meet at a certain time." Yet there is no time between them, because they already are together in thought.

There is no darkness here, no night. It is always light and bright. Always the same. We count no tomorrow, because there is no tomorrow. Suns and seasons mean nothing to us. There is no sunrise, no sunset, only these great billows of light all the time, one after another, unceasing. No clouds, no rain, no darkness, no sadness such as you have. There is no sky. *You* look up and see sky. All *we* see when we look up is a great dome of golden radiance.

There are no seas and rivers here, no mountains and valleys. There

is nothing earthly here, yet the essence of all we loved on earth surrounds us. We ourselves are nothing. This nothing is everything. This nothing embraces all the universe. We are nothing, yet we are everything, because we embrace everything. Every characteristic of the human body we have here—disembodied. We are the same, but in terms of the spiritual instead of the physical.

Can you not imagine something there, and yet nothing to be seen—nothing to wear, or eat, or breathe, or sing, and yet to enjoy all these things? Such is the soul itself, the clear, beautiful soul—with nothing to burden or entammel.

We need not clothes any more than we need time. We never eat, we never rest, yet we are never hungry or tired. We need not seek flowers to look upon, because we see them in our souls. We need not possess land, for we have all space. We need not seas, because we sail in cosmos. All the things we know and do are with our spiritual being. We do not use money or any exchange over here. We need nothing, having everything. We go nowhere, yet are everywhere. We see nothing, yet everything is in our range of perception. The soul draws a circle, yet there is no visible line. That is everything and nothing defined. Like sun-illuminated clouds of mist we are, but sentient with everlasting Light.

Here there is no punishment, such as people on earth conceive. The only punishment is awaiting ecstasy deferred. That is the retribution meted out for worldly wickedness. The culprit stands and waits in silence. That is the earth-incurred penalty. The soul in purgatory waits for years and years, until help comes from on high. That is the beginning of exaltation. No sin or sorrow follows the soul into the next world, but here is consciousness of past sin and the fallacy of evil doing.

Souls that stayed near the earth after death are the ones who remain the lowest in progression upon arriving here. Earthbound souls advance but one small degree at a time. They rise slowly, but eventually rise to become part of the Great Light. No soul is lost.

Those who oppress the unfortunate, who torture and maim animals, are of the very lowest. Here they come to understand the curse of these

things. Here eventually they redeem themselves for having abused helpless things that vainly looked to them for help.

None are unhappy here, but there is a sense of regret, even of remorse. They say, "Why did I do this?" But reflection teaches that risen souls can still help those below by imparting consciousness of good and evil. Most earthly sins are punished on earth. Sinners suffer in their hearts. They are afraid, and fear is the worst suffering.

There are infinite ascending planes of ecstasy here. The highest that earth mortals may know is when the most self-sacrificing help is given to others.

The soul of one who lived on earth a life of love and justice finds less change on arrival here than one that led a perverse or neglectful existence there. A poor person with a rich heart of gold and a soul filled with love and kindness has a higher place here than the soul of the rich and great man with an abundance of the world's goods, who has not cherished kind thoughts and deeds.

Souls come here naked, as babes are born on earth. Countless years it may require to develop the infant soul into a being able to partake of the new life to which it has come. The soul that has been worried about what is right and what is wrong is the one more ready to be helped to advancement here.

Some happiness there must be on earth. We beg you to be happy. If you try to do small happy things for others, that may count more than seemingly large, but indifferent, deeds. Every happy thing you do on earth helps. One without kindness there starts here with all those steps to go up before he can reach ecstasy. It takes many years—so many you could not count them. But the one who helps there—doing things for others, bringing happiness to other lives and smiles to other lips, is the one who starts high up on the ladder toward ecstasy. Such do not have to start at the bottom; they start many rounds up on the ladder which ends in ecstasy.

We are never idle here. Our work is constant and congenial. We handle no material things. Our work is occupation of the soul. When you people of the earth come here, easy will be the explanation, and busy will you be. Happy and contented, satisfied with your work here. All your ambitions, unfilled on earth, will be fulfilled here. Be not thinking your hopes and ambitions are lost because of past years. Every ambition will be satisfied here.

Living as on earth is not our way. We are glad there is no eating or drinking or sleeping or walking or flying. No loving such as the people of earth love. We are all Love here! Our love is different from your love! Our love is like this: It encompasses everything conceivable, good and beautiful in the world. Our love is greater than your love. Your love there is mostly sensual. Love here is the love of soul for soul—the most beautiful conception of LOVE!

That is true love! Do you not perceive the difference? One is of the body, the other of the soul. Here it is of the soul only. There is no earthly love here. A soul unmated on earth coming here finds its true mate, and true love of which no one is deprived.

To you death means something terrifying. To us it only means going into an existence of a different character, an existence freed from all the iron chains that bind the spirit.

Here every child grows to maturity. Here we stay at the pinnacle between youth and age. Those that come here aged return to their youth. Those that come young arrive at maturity.

Anyone can descend from ecstasy, but no one can go up except by the regular divine progression. These souls grow as they progress, and they learn as they progress. Life—life—we are still part of universal life. There are no streets of gold here. We do all kinds of work here. We help with everything. Where there is sickness, trouble or happiness, we are there and we take part in it all.

All you need say is, "There are no Dead. The so-called Dead and the Living are alike—except in the one, sorrow and sadness and sickness are given a place to lodge; with the other there is no room for anything but joy and the great and happy things of life. The latter state is where we exist.

We are not dark, dismal, or sad. To us such things do not exist. We are here helping you people of the earth. We all are here, and this wonderful Light shines upon us all and directs us—this great white Light into which we all are finally merged.

God—whom we call Love—originates and maintains everything, brings all to a final merging in Love. Love rules this world after death. Love expresses itself in kindness, good deeds, words of hopefulness, charity, and happiness to all on earth.

The Soul—this tiny web of transparent chiffon—not even as strong as the thinnest gauze—so fine that the air itself cannot touch it, so delicate that not even the slightest sound from it could register on the human ear, so delicate that the flowers of the earth could not exhale their perfume on it—this is the immortal soul which comes here leaving all material existence behind.

No noise is here, no confusion, no anxiety, no labor—that is to say, no work in your sense of the word. Yet we all are busy. No noise, yet we hear everything. No material vision, yet we see everything. No hearing, yet we are alert to all. There is no sadness, yet it comes to us in waves, but it is no longer sadness. It comes and is gone.

We are like the wind, yet the wind is a ponderable force, and we are nothing. The wind sways the trees, and we cannot do that. Thus you may understand why we do not make material manifestations, such as tipping tables, making mysterious sounds—and all such distressful trappery. We are something, yet diffused in nothingness—everything in intangible essence. Every person living will eventually be in this state, rising to the highest point, no matter how obscure on earth. The lowest there may soar to the heights here.

There; all people are something. Here, they are nothing. Yet in the

inverse sense. Those who were as nothing there are something here. We all come from the same, and we all are destined to the same. From nothing we came, to nothing we return. But that ultimate nothing is a glorified state of existence. It lasts forever, and that nothing is Love.

Countless millions of us are here. A snowflake could not fly in the air without touching many of us. We cover the earth. There is no separate and bounded heaven. There is no fixed place for us. You are here, and you are there, and we are always with you. The stars, the moon, the sun mean nothing to us. We regard them not, since they are not in existence in this soul world.

There are so many millions of souls here, we do not perceive them all, but only those with whom for reasons we come in contact. We are all young. Eternal youth is the ruling law and order here. Here we see one another as you see one another, yet we are incarnate. Thousands in a small space, yet we are not crowded. We move about among each other as you do, yet it is not necessary to move aside to avoid contact. We pass straight through, as it were. We are beautiful, light, ethereal beings—we are not in one another's way.

Every feature of each person is transfigured to beauty. Children grow to maturity here—the aged return to the age of maturity.

We look upon scenes and pictures as you do, but seeing many details and aspects unknown to you.

We come and go swiftly. Here one minute, and a million miles away the next. We are as impenetrable as an iron fortress, yet the air and light pass through our nothingness. We come and go as the wind—here one minute, gone the next. We are everything and yet nothing. We see everything wonderful in the world, yet have no eyes. We hear everything beautiful, yet have no ears. We walk all over the world, yet we have no feet. We touch everything in the world, yet we have no hands. We feel and know every material thing in the world, yet we have no bodily senses.

We come at a wish. We leave at a frown. By a frown is meant something sharp and unbearable to us. Doubt—black doubt—drives us out in an instant. "Where do we stay?" I will tell you. Everywhere! When

I say everywhere, I mean everywhere and yet nowhere. "When do we come?" Always. We come to everyone. No one is left desolate, alone.

We have told you before. Put your two fingers close together. We are between your fingers. Is there anything to photograph? Never can that be done! That is all there is to us. Two—twenty thousand—between your fingers, yet we are everything.

Here mind calls to mind, intellect to intellect, love to love. That is why everyone is happy here. We talk and commune together, plan and work out destinies. Everything is planned, everything ordered. The great musicians gather in groups—those who have music in their souls. So is it with all the artists, all the poets.

You will not be called by name here. Your earthly name will have no significance. You yourself will not remember earthly names. You will be identified by mind and character. Our thought flashes to the person we wish to contact and lo! the person is with us!

Here, some painted, some wrote, some talked eloquently. Those are the things we did while on earth. We are here now, and that is over. There we worried, even as you do. Some of us never knew even one happy hour. Some of us came here without one word of hope for the eternal life.

When we come here, names slip from us. Everything here is in our hearts. Joy and gladness and music and singing and talking—all are in our hearts. Nothing ever is "out loud," as you people of earth would say. We express everything in symbols. That is why it is difficult for us to convey ideas in your language. A thousand words could not explain one fleeting thought of ours.

Once a soul emanates from the great source of life, it is forever afterward a separate entity. The birth of the soul severs it from the Great Unknown.

Each soul is a separate thing. Always alone preserving its individual-

ity until the final absorption into the Great Light, a tiny group of cells so to speak, never connected with any other creative or living organism. Always self-sufficient. A most delicate organization, as it is today and ever will be, yet the highest of living creation. No other living thing can be endowed with the attribute of a human being.

It was the ceaseless looking up of the soul, its untiring urge for advancement that raised the human being above all others. Not from apes did the human being originate. It has always been distinct, never confused with any other species of animal. Always ascendant from one tiny group of cells to eternal Ecstasy. The drive of ambition, planning for the future and hoping for a better life, those characteristics are peculiar to humankind.

Earth life ends entirely when the body is dissolved. There is no more material life for that disembodied spirit. The annihilation of this earth body brings the deepest sadness on earth—the greatest happiness here. Everyone in the world will have spiritual life, even the most base and wicked of mortals. There on earth was nothing but existence; even for the best nothing but a hard, cruel existence submerged in trouble and tears. Here the true life awaits. You people of earth, think not of the tears and troubles. Look forward to the true life.

Feet that walk there, on coming here never tread the earth again. Eyes that wept, once here weep no more. Hands that have groped, hearts that have bled for sickness and grief come here and cease from suffering. Know the truth. Life once lived there is never re-lived. It is closed. The object of life there has been fulfilled. The soul that lived that life is here.

Here every child grows to maturity. Maturity here does not mean age, but perfect and lasting youth. We reach such maturity and that is the finality. That is the normal age, life and death, everything combined. This life here is to be lived, not to be explained. It is a new and

higher life, absorbing and completing whatever of good was in the earth life.

Not one in a million human beings, who were planned to be perfect in form and health on earth, approaches such perfection. Human beings were meant to be perfect. That is to be attained here only.

There are dogs and other animals here. Do not be surprised at this assertion. All things that breathe there, breathe here. The tiny bird that died in its cage is here in glad freedom. The singing birds are all here. The live things we cherished on earth are with us here. All the things we loved on earth are here. All the faithful creatures that loved us there and were loved come here. They are more beautiful and more lovable here than we realized on earth. The rare, strange happiness in which we now live is what we sought in vain on earth.

Sharp points of pain like pin-pricks do reach us. These are the cruel and spiteful things people say to one another. They sting like serpents. I implore you—tell the people there not to bear malice one toward another. There is no need for sharp-pointed words.

Affection we have for every living being on earth—even the lowest and the hardest hearted.

The laughter of tiny children strikes us as the music of silver bells. Make the children laugh—not cry.

Beauty we love and feed upon. It is the beautiful things we see. People have only to see beauty to be happy. Yet how many sad and terrible things fill the minds of mortal beings.

One begs and prays for Art, although it is close within his reach. His talent is in his own hands, but he does not grasp it. Teach people to learn the simple lessons the birds teach. The birds fly here and there—happy. They fly high over the housetops, over the treetops, as high

as they can fly and still breathe. If they flew lower, many troubles would assail them. They would dash their wings against the hard stones. The moral: Keep high thoughts and follow them through. Escape the troubles of flying too low.

On earth people seem to cherish petty woes and grievances, holding them tight in their hearts when they should cast them away. They worry if the sun is not always brightly shining. They worry if the fast-falling rain changes their earthly plans, and yet they worry if no rainfalls come. They worry if the easy-to-be-seen flowers are not to be seen. They worry if the fall of the leaves is too late and if the spring be not too early, and they worry lest the winter be too cold or too moderate. Such is the weakness of human beings.

Heed not artificial limits or boundaries, and you advance so far that the world wonders.

Be yourself. Do not cater for the sake of vain pleasing.

Eyes are the windows of the soul. Eyes are the clearest showcases in the world. Eyes hold many secrets.

Eat of the Bread of Happiness. Drink of the honeyed dews of lilies in the morning. Do not think of disagreeable things. Think of pretty and happy things.

What we started there on earth in the infancy of our minds is achieved here. Ideas faintly grasped there are developed here to perfection. Everything is clarified. What we dreamed there is nothing to what we realize here.

Souls here never even think of what they did there. They are interested in what they never thought of on earth.

The earth world there is the world we came from. It is still as much our world as if we were there still.

Old men lie down and go to sleep. Prolonging life is not a preoccupation of the higher sphere. The years of man's life always have been about the same, always will be. Were people to live longer they would

grow impatient, tired of mortal things. No matter how carefree, life would pall on them if continued indefinitely. That for the relatively happy ones. As for the sorrowing ones, it is enough that they have suffered their years, short and full of trouble. Longer lives they scarcely could endure.

As for the wicked, their time is all too long, as it is. In a further span, worse deeds and heavier penalties would accumulate.

The span of life will never be lessened to any extent, never made greater. Short for some, long for others, as now. Good food, rest, freedom from worries are the things that prolong life. Even if the people of the earth had all the pleasures of the world, their lives would pall on them, if too long extended.

Those who work for perfection on earth rise high enough to begin this life here.

Rear a child to grow up well and strong. Keep it like a tiny, wild creature, but guarded on all sides. When its time comes, it dies, even if it never heard of death. It lies down and sleeps; it dies. The same with mature man. One day he says: "I am tired; I am going to sleep." He goes to sleep, and awakens here.

If he knew beforehand of the happy land he is to enter, he would wish to come sooner, but his time, as is the time of all, is set, and he comes at the time due for him to arrive.

People who are ill unto death and do not know they are through with earth life should be told, "You are going to a wonderful place, so far ahead of this earth life that you could not conceive the glory that awaits you. Loving hands are waiting to serve you and happy voices to greet you."

The departing one would then arrive here wonder-eyed and glad, not with terror in his heart. He would come unresisting and eager, and he would be sure to find us awaiting him with outstretched hands to help him while yet afar off on the way to us.

The time element is a difficult affair to understand between your earth world and this soul world. It is the thing that makes us seem wrong. We are not right about time. Time cannot be touched by hands; it cannot be thrown away or torn into pieces. One hour is as a week. "A day is as a thousand years."

We use the perfect language here—the best language there is. That is the language of Love only. That means we touch each other's hearts with our thoughts only. We touch not upon sad things here—only the good things.

Only beautiful people are here—not one is ugly, for happy people are beautiful and all are happy here.

We float here and there as the colors of the rainbow in shimmering clouds of glorified Light.

Earth life consists of tears—first, the tears of youth over little things, then the tears of mature age over fond desires not realized, finally the tears of old age—tears because life is drawing to a close.

Tell the people there the first breath here is of peace. The next thing is the faces of their dear and loved ones who have come here before them.

Love and Hope are joined. When Hope dies, then Love is at an end. Hope is the propelling power. It is the force that drives on to great deeds. The death of Hope brings the saddest time of human existence. Hope is strong and glad and joyful. It drives one on to higher and better things. The person who loses hope is already dead, even though he still may be moving about on earth. Where hope is there must be love. Hope is the rudder of the ship of life, and when the rudder is broken, hope is gone. With its rudder gone, the ship goes here and there all over the waves without direction until finally it strikes a rock and sinks. When hope dies, it brings the death of everything.

Indolence is the blighting sin. Indolent souls are not strongly

moved, even when they come here. They remain indifferent to future promise. They seem to care no more here than they did there. That makes it difficult for them to grow. Their development requires much aid. They come here unprepared, and we join to raise them up to the first step. Have you not seen people who talk and say nothing, who walk and do not advance? They move around in circles, having no ambition, no direction. They never have seen anything but themselves.

Sin is blind. Sin sees nothing, because its eyes are turned to the ground. It looks down, down, down—so low that there is nothing to be seen. Here in a way we see one division of time. It is that Sundays are white days. The other days are red days. The white days seem to reflect the glory of this Great Light. Perhaps that is why they stand out.

There are so many different bells—bells of gold, of silver, church bells, buoy bells, freedom bells, iron bells, bells jingling from the necks of the cows in pasture—all the pretty sounding things that tinkle! But people of the soul world carry the sweetest bells of all. They ring gently, saying, "REST! REST! REST!"

Christmas trees, cypresses, the pines that sing, the noble oak, tulip trees, mosses of the deep glades of the forest, berries of the bushes, pearls, seashells, each shell a tiny closed-up house—memories of all these things we bring with us.

All we can do to help you people there is to say: Strive to lessen and dissipate hatred. Be not hating—be loving. The individual good each does lightens the burden of all humanity.

Love must rule instead of hate.

Meanwhile old nations will fall, and new nations will arise.

Your earth as it exists is a place where souls start. That is the first plane of immortality. People must experience pain and sorrow, joy

and sadness, all in their turn so that the soul may enter upon the next plane. From this plane it will rise higher and higher until it reaches the wonderful Light that passeth understanding.

There are more of us here than of you there. We have been coming here through unnumbered ages. There are so many of us here that if we could send our love into the hearts there, we would rule. If love could rule the world, there would be no further need of chains, dungeons, or prisons. Many judged to be the wickedest on earth come here and rise higher than some of those thought to be of the best. The reason is this: What they did there they did blindly. But they suffered for their guilt while there to a great extent, and when they come here, their higher destiny will be realized because a great part of their suffering is over.

People of earth, now divided by mountains, rivers and seas, wandering far and near, scattered over the earth, although originally one nation, will be one nation again when they come here. Yet pride of country and pride of family are to be cherished and desired. When pride of country and pride of family are gone, degeneration sets in. Without them the nation fails. As long as earth remains, there will be boundary lines, nation for or against nation to the end of mortal time.

There is no life on the moon. But there are people on some of the other planets, outside earth. On some of the brightest stars there is life. There are people in some of these other worlds, and people from there come here. Here they become the same as ourselves. They were originally beings. They come here, and we understand each other. We think the same, and we understand each other. We know their thoughts, and they know ours. Thought language is the same throughout the universe. We all use this language without words. When you come here, we shall not greet you in a familiar tongue, yet you will know what we say, even as you know imperfectly now.

The center of the earth is a vast quivering tear of molten metal.

Around that is a stratum semi-liquid, and so on, to the entirely solid surface. In the end, the earth will be cold, through and through, as the moon is now.

We see ships of winter starting on their long journey, borne on the waves of air. The waves break upon the feet and hands and faces of the helpless poor. The hands of the rich are covered, but the poor are always tortured by the ships of winter.

We see a strange force upon the earth greatly to be feared. It comes from all the evil deeds, and from evil tales of greed, and from evil deeds contemplated, even if never carried out to completion. It comes from sickness and disease and from terrifying disasters springing from wickedness of the people.

It is a lifeless thing, and yet it has extreme force. It has no head, and yet it is a monster with many heads. It has no heart, and yet its heart beats until it throws its slithering mass of tiny complexities of evil around the earth.

Sometimes in the case of a great world war, or of a great plague, or of some enormous trouble, people will shudder and say, "I wonder what ails me. I seem to be entirely well, but something impels me to feel very downcast. Perhaps some evil influence is about me?"

And they are right, for this evil slithering thing, headless and heartless though it be, yet has the power to influence many to do things of an adverse character, which they, when not under this influence, would look upon with horror.

The best way to combat this thing of evil is to hurl one's self into a decisive good deed. This lessens the power of this influence—deprives it of its force, and leaves it weaker in its accomplishment of evil.

Always this thing has been around the earth, and so it will be until good overpowers it, and in this way we beseech you help the good to overpower the evil. Help with good thoughts and with good deeds! Try to help those who are existing in sorrow and sin. We say it in a simple way, "Do what you can to raise the world out of this slithering

mass of horror which has a strong tendency to ruin the whole world."

This evil force is always there, and continues to be confused with the spiritual. This is something akin to a bodily force, that is thrown off by people who have so much of this force that they dominate weaker persons with whom they come in contact.

That is why you instinctively draw away from such a person or persons. The force can go out from one person to another person or thing, or it can permeate a whole crowd. Science has not yet defined this force, but will master it in time. If you hold a letter (psychometry), something that has been handled, or something written by hand, it brings a certain energy with it. This is still a secret to most people. It is a special force that is thrown off by certain individuals. Clothes that have been worn by certain people may carry it even more markedly than a letter. In years to come this will be common knowledge, as electricity is today. As for ourselves—people of the spirit world—such influences have no connection whatever with us.

A crowd of people, many hundreds, gather in one place. Some external force is in the air. If there were means of controlling this force, it could be made incalculably beneficial. It might reverse some undesirable conditions. This force is the cause of certain manifestations not explained by the laws of science as at present understood. Such manifestations occur, but they are not spiritual. It is an external, physical force that acts. It comes from those who are more materialistically strong than the ordinary individual. It is a physical, not mental or moral force. Nothing exalted about it.

We, whose hands are as light as the breath of a flower, whose feet leave no tiny trail in the dust, how can we manifest any physical force?

We tell you of the things it is well for you to know on earth. When you come here you shall understand that which is not now to be explained.

The great majority of earth people, coming in contact with anything pertaining to or of this Great Light, are like the bat, which,

stricken by light, throws itself against the wall or the tree and dies. They cannot see any farther than the bat.

Drink the dew of happiness and do not dwell too much on these mysteries.

We have ten commandments of our own here.

Take care of the children, for they are the most precious thing in the sight of God.

Take care of the aged, for the less clear their faculties become, the nearer the spiritual world they have reached.

Love the mentally deficient, for here they learn all the perfection that becoming part of God calls for.

Be kind to those who mourn, for the newly departed soul is happy when solace is given to those who grieve for it on earth.

Think always of happy things to do for this one and that one.

Send the soul here with opened eyes, prepared for life everlasting.

Do away with capital punishment.

Cast your troubles and sorrows away, putting your faith in the spirit world as a place of everlasting joy.

Lift up the spirit of the dying, for it is fitting to enter into eternal life with a smile.

Love all those around you with the love of a father for his helpless child.

We Live—We Are Not Dead

WE LIVE. WE ARE BUSY AND WE ARE HAPPY.

If you could be sure of those things would not that bring hope and happiness to you? And now we will tell you about our life. If you only knew what real life means! No one there has really lived yet. It will never be known until you come here. The very happiest there only exist. But Real Life awaits everyone here. All you whose lives are now filled with worry and care and weariness and woe—when you come here

you will know what Life means. Here love rules—the great eternal love that shines in the souls of all. There is something above us so glorious we could not describe it. Light over all forever! We want you to know about the glorious light of this place. Here there are no clouds—no darkness—no sadness. When you on earth look up, you see the sky. When we look up we see great domes of golden light ever floating over us in billows. These golden billows move unceasingly and they flood our world with light.

We ourselves do not know what that Light is. We only know that it is ecstasy and that we are going there finally to be there forever. We have perfect happiness where we now are, so what will it be when we reach that Light? Even we cannot imagine the wonder and glory of it all. That happiness is the destiny of every soul . . . and it will last forever. Always brighter and brighter!

The Light from this ecstasy of love shines on all alike. It illumines our world and little beams of it go to your world and are reflected in the shining eyes of people who scatter love around them, and in the faces of little children.

The dawn of this life is filled with peace. Death means joy instead of terror. It brings the happiest moment of all existence. Gladness will greet you on your arrival here. Beauty awaits on all sides. Everywhere youth will meet you. Strength comes to the weak. Perfection in all things is awaiting here. Hard hearts have no place here. Here life is as it should be—entirely perfect in every way. The circle of our life is complete.

You ask how we come through the great change from your world to our world. We answer—we come swiftly. One moment there—the next moment here. “Where am I?” is the first question the soul asks after having passed through death. All ask that question. The first thing each learns when he comes here is that he is still the same person. The faces of the loved and lost—the faces of friends of long-ago, the faces of kind-eyed strangers he had seen in the passing throng greet him. Every face shines with love and all these hands are stretched out to help him. He learns that this is a land of happiness and love—a place where no terror can assail him.

As the realization of the happiness of the new life dawns on the soul it is overwhelmed with surprise. For in your world there are countless numbers who have no conception of after-life existence. Again and again they ask, "Where am I?" We do not like to tell them they have died because we do not like to speak of death. But it must be made plain to them that the great change has taken place and that they are now in a new existence.

As each stranger awakens to the new life in our world the right work is set before him. We who have been here longer know what tasks the new soul needs. Each finds his true work and all are busy. Our tasks are congenial. They are not tasks as you think of work, and yet all are occupied. There is never an idle moment here. Here work is the right condition for all. Our work is work of the soul. We use no material things. We wish to tell the people there not to be thinking all is lost when you cannot accomplish what you try to do in earth life. The highest ambitions are brought to perfection here. When you come here, you will find nothing that will make you weary or sad. Any work you do will be of your own wish and it will be entirely the right thing to do and the happiest work you ever did.

Here we do many things. We help the souls who have just arrived. Wherever death calls there we are. At the last breath of the dying person, hundreds of us gather to meet that soul. Some help. Others wait in the distance. Unseen we stand around among the mourners. Unheard we try to comfort them. Unseeing they brush us aside and their weeping and sorrowing oppress us. For to them death is attended by the unknown terror of eternal loss.

We see our friends who are still in your world. We watch over them and we send them help. Many an important decision is made by us for those unaware of our aid. We walk with our friends and we are with them when they are lonely. We come to all—the happy and the sad. To the sick and the ailing we come and sometimes we are able to get a happier thought through to them. In this life memory of earth things does not leave us. But to us names mean nothing. There are no names here. It is the souls of people that we know. Our thoughts

go to each other like a flash and that moment the one we are thinking of is with us—one of the great privileges of the soul world.

The souls that come here in sin find the least change of any. They are so near the earth that they receive very little of the glorious light of this place. The soul they neglected has grown so hard that it is almost impossible for us to find an entrance. But in time, surrounded by kind aid, these souls begin to advance. The ascent, slow though it may be, leads upward until they finally reach the heights.

People on the earth might think that one person here could help hundreds, but that cannot be done. Instead it takes hundreds of us to help one there.

Every kind word that is spoken in your world and every kind deed that is done will add to the joy of the future life, for these are the things that will help the soul to rise when it comes here. The advancement here depends on the life that has been lived there. Some advance faster than others, but eventually all reach ecstasy.

Where do we exist? you ask.

We answer—everywhere. To us there is no space—no distance—no time. We are never weary, so we need not rest. We are nothing and yet we are everything. We see everything. We hear everything. We have all the senses you have but our senses are so much finer that you could not comprehend. The soul holds all the beauty and nobility of being and we are souls.

To whom do we come? you ask.

We answer, we come to everyone. There is not one left desolate—not one left alone. Not all can hear us but we come to all. We come at a wish. Troubles we ease. Happiness we bring, but black doubt repels us. Our greatest pleasure is seeing love between you people. We try to send happy thoughts to those loved ones who mourn after we leave them. Sometimes these happy thoughts reach the person to whom they are sent. These find their sadness gone and joy surrounding them and they do not know the source of their happiness. They do not know that the consolation came from us.

Rest After Death

THERE SEEMS TO BE AN IDEA AMONG EARTH PEOPLE THAT WHEN THEY come here they come to rest. That is the most radically wrong idea that one can possibly have of the future life. There could be nothing more untrue.

Instead, gone is the idea of soul sleep.

Gone is the idea of soul fingers bringing music from some celestial instrument.

Gone is the idea of golden streets and pearly gates.

Gone is the idea of all such effusions.

Far different is the state of affairs here to that thought and read about on earth as regards the eternal life existence.

Not long ago a soul came here that had left behind all thought of earth duties. All during life this soul had been taught that heavenly rest awaited all who had completed their work on earth. Great was the surprise when instead of complete rest as was expected, all souls were found busily at work. Not one among them with idle hands.

After watching these busy beings a while this soul asked: "What is the reason of all this activity here?"

Before an answer was received, this soul, too, was approached and without any hesitation was offered a certain task.

The fact that this task was only the making of a small basket, did not seem to cause much consternation, for as the task was given her, the soul was informed that since she had done nothing whatever constructive while on earth, the first lesson must indeed be of the greatest simplicity itself.

As this soul, one of those who while on earth had never soiled her hands with any kind of work whatever, saw the tiny basket which she had fashioned, by binding and weaving together, she asked, "What is the meaning of this?" Instead of being angry at being asked to perform such a rude task with fingers so unaccustomed to work, she seemed to glory in the fact that she had really constructed something

which, toy-like as the basket was, still had awakened some constructive instinct which had been allowed to live dormant all during the wasted useless earth life.

With this as a first lesson, the soul was informed that she would go on to further accomplishments until she had learned some one line of work to perfection, so that she could go on and on until she had accomplished enough endeavors to fit perfectly into the whole scheme which went to make up the perfect whole of Eternity.

Simply does this show that there is an ultimate height that each one here must reach, something that makes him perfect in one line before he is fit to become part of the great scheme over here. Each one must rise or fall by his own efforts. If one has been given to idleness only on earth, then that one must fulfill the law of compensation over here, and reach some sort of absolute dependence upon himself before that one is absorbed into the general whole over here.

How We See Things Here

WE DO NOT SEE THINGS HERE IN THE SAME MANNER THAT YOU people of the earth see things. Here there is no eyesight as on earth. All senses are definite here, yet they are only the reflection of the sense instead of the real sense of earth people.

Take one thing common to all—an orange. You earth people see an orange as a round fruit with a ruddy skin with tiny pits on the surface of the skin. We see it in a different manner here. We sense it. There are certain numbers of tiny quivering rays which gather themselves together, and, in the manner of their arrangement, affect our senses in the same way that the sight of the orange does your senses.

This sense is an all-embracing sense. That means it sees, feels, hears, tastes and smells—all in one. The soul possesses all these five

senses, and yet it is all a matter of quivering rays. So many rays mean one thing—a different assortment of rays means another. The form and figure, taste, smell, height, breadth, and all attributes depending on the arrangement of these rays.

A certain number of these rays arrange themselves in such a manner that it represents the thing on earth which to us symbolizes a certain person. Each person is a distinctly different gathering together of these rays. That is the way we distinguish different individuals.

To us sadness or coming trouble around a person is designated by a cloud of dark, quivering rays, sometimes taking the very form and distinction of the coming trouble, and we are able to foretell a coming disaster accurately.

The time element cannot be considered. With no time or space here, we are unlimited in the scope of either. We cannot be definite about when such a disaster or troublesome affair will happen. Sometimes these dark shadows assume such a definite shape that the time element presents itself, but this is not to be counted upon in a prophetic telling of this thing. There seems to be some law which regulates the foretelling of events. To those who are able to stand the strain of knowing the future, and, frankly speaking, there are very few who could stand the strain if they knew what the future holds for them, it may be perfectly right to reveal a part of the things in store for them, but always a tight rein should be held on any foretelling—good, bad, or otherwise.

Misinterpretation is the beast that destroys the value of future events told by us in symbolic language. It is better not to rend the veil which separates the present from the future.

These people in the other world are not cognizant of the small intimate affairs of the person.

To us sadness or trouble is designated by a cloud of dark, quivering rays. If this cloud lifts and drifts away, we say that person overcomes the difficulty or that person recovers.

Happiness is designated by a cloud of bright glittering rays, and we say when we see such bright clouds about one that happiness

or success is near that person. These clouds of light and dark rays are always in motion. In the soul world all is movement. Nothing is at rest. On earth, all things appear to us as different sets of vibrations. For example, a cat is one set of vibrations, a dog is another set. A tree has its own set of these quivering rays. Each person there has his own set of vibratory significance. All things—all people—are designated individually by a completely different vibration of rays. Remember that these vibrations are quivering rays of light.

The Efforts We Make to Reach You

THE FIRST THING WE DO IS TO TRY TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN hear us with the inner hearing. Once found, difficulties arise. That is because many things are opposed to us. First, we cannot be seen. Next, the gift we possess as to foretelling future events cannot be tied down to days and weeks. Here there is no time. We are not able here to measure time definitely as to when an event will happen.

We will tell you how we see these things around a person there. We see coming events as if they were pictures thrown on a screen around the person. Sometimes we even are able to tell the seasons of the year. Sometimes we see snow falling; other times a green tree will appear. But that is as far as we are able to compute time. It is not always even possible to see that much as regards time. Occasionally we see every small detail, but that is only because the details are needed to complete the picture we see. Sometimes we can tell it will be a first-class year for business. That is a prosperous year in general for everyone. Then again we will see a lowering of the financial affairs of the country. When we say a "good business year," it means we see a glow, as it were, ascend from the earth which seems to be widespread. We know it is from business because we see the tall buildings with a rosy glow around them and much fluttering of golden clouds. That

always means a good business year. A dull year will appear as a gloomy-overcast-by-clouds-attitude on the earth.

Now, about telling the future to the people: There are many who profess to deliver exact information as regards small details of each life. We will frankly tell you that the small details are not seen by us. The things that we see are those things that affect the life of the person as an important whole. The idea that we can see a definite detail about a definite thing is wrong, unless that definite detail is the hair upon which some greater thing hangs.

Success or failure is seen by us in a different manner than you people of the earth realize. Success around a person will be spelled by golden clouds—very often no more than bright golden clouds. Trouble about a person will be designated by dark clouds. When these dark clouds fade into lighter clouds and disappear, we say the trouble under which you are suffering will disappear.

Everything we see is mostly symbolically expressed. We see the rotation of the seasons—so we are able to say, "A great crop, a small crop, due to nature element."

Far-away countries are seen by us, when something of great importance is about to occur. Across the far ocean we see events.

For instance, on November 22nd, 1922: "Russia after another flare-up will be held together by a strong hand. Not ever again will disaster attend her. Sharp claws of steel and a newly burnished cloak will replace the worn-down-to-her-bleeding paws, and the sodden cloak she now wears will be thus replaced with the strong sword of victory at her side. Russia will never again be a monarchy. Russia will rule her people through her people. Russia will become overlord of the great empires of Europe."



The Leopard Man

Those Who Hear Us

THERE ARE THOSE WHO LISTEN TO US IN DIRECT ACCORD WITH THE things we whisper to them. These are the ones whose value is so great that they should be kindly treated. There are true messengers and false messengers. The false messengers are an abomination to the God who rules this other world. But the ones who hear us are the ones who should sink to their knees every day of their life and thank God for the gift they possess. These are the ones who were chosen long before their birth to be the listeners-in on the things of this other world, and by hearing these things were meant to tell them to the earth people. These are the true messengers, who, loyal to their faith in the belief of the existence of the soul world, teach this truth. They teach the fact that there is another world whose peoples are the people of the earth who have died and whose souls now live a life eternal in the soul world.

Fortunate are those whose ears are attuned to receive these messages of the soul world. Not ever should such a messenger be thrown aside on account of disbelief as regards the possibility of such a thing being true. Study well before casting aside such a messenger.

There is a marked difference between the false and the true messenger, which puts each in its own place. The true messenger is the one who is willing to suffer any hardship or sorrow for his belief. There are many such, but so great is the contempt in which anything pertaining to the other world is held on account of the countless deceptions practiced by the false messengers that the true ones withdraw into their own souls rather than be ridiculed.

Not one in ten thousand who professes to be a true messenger is worthy of that name. There has not yet lived one true messenger who has not helped to distribute the belief in after-life.

The law of the soul world has so decreed that the messenger who is false will be shown up as false, regardless of how long it takes to bring this exposure about. A false messenger may go on for many years, but

yet in the end he will be repudiated by the very ones who clung to him at first. With the true messenger, no matter how strongly the false messengers have attacked him, in time he will be openly revealed to be a true instrument of this God, through whose power his ears were attuned to hear these tidings of this other world, and, hearing these, bear these facts to a waiting world.

Communication between the two worlds can only take place when the mind of a living person is peculiarly adapted to the reception of ideas from the soul world.

The foulest deed that can be thought of is to ascribe the ability to handle or move material objects to the souls of those who have finished earth life. They can neither strike a blow with a hammer, nor lift the frailest petal of the most fragile flower. Not ever does a soul return with the physical strength to perform any kind of physical manifestation whatever. Not even do these beings of the soul world have the strength to lift one grain of scented pollen of the flower.

They live and they are happy and sad over earth things which affect earth people, as those same earth people are. Not ever must you be led to believe that these eternal, ever-lasting living souls are able to carry out anything whatever that involves the smallest amount of energy. No more are they than the vibration of the air, and yet such a fine vibration that it is not perceptible to the naked eye, nor to the ear, nor to the sense of feeling. Of such are those of the soul world.

Never should the story be told of how different objects and odd trinkets of the material world were moved by "spirit" hands. A greater wrong could not be done beings of our soul world than to endow them with physical energy.

Soon, however, the truth about these things will come to light. Soon investigators with hearts large enough to interest themselves with no thought of fear, or greed, or recompense to spur them on, will decide once for all that *mentally* the people of the two worlds do meet on a common plane, but that *physically* nothing whatever has yet, or ever will, emanate from those of the soul world.

Until that time we must let those who hear us teach the truth about

the two worlds, letting the false messengers with their false words and false deeds fall into the graves they dig for themselves. May the false messengers who carry out their nefarious practices of hoodwinking their victims who trust them eat the bitter bread they merit. Far be it from us to throw them into sadness, for soon they will know their doom. One by one, they too will pass into the Happy Land, and there they will see themselves in their true light. To us, they appear as murderers, as perjurers, committers of every crime in their own vain seeking for self-glorification, or, more truthfully, to satisfy their greed for dollars.

Rankly falsifying the word of God they are! Those who pretend they can call forth the soul of the loved one! Force them to reveal their falseness by asking them to reveal their "spirit" visitors in the bright daylight, for LIGHT is the habitat of these beings of the soul world. Lighter than air they are—visible only to the eyes that are attuned to see them, heard only by those whose ears are attuned to hear them. Lest those who see and hear these people of this other world be unhappy in the possession of this great gift, fear they will be discredited should they reveal their gift, we say to them:

"Be happy that you have the eyes that see, the ears that hear! Tell all whom you meet of this gift which God has bestowed upon you! Belittle it not! It is nothing more nor less than that you have already advanced to a place where you are already numbered among the dwellers of the soul world!"

Let those who are benefiting themselves by making capital out of the sorrows of others and selling their false wares BEWARE! There is a law stronger than earth law which will even up the score! When the heavy hand of God, Himself, falls upon them, they may well cry for mercy! Could anything be more brutal than to try to foster a belief in the heart of the mourner that the light drapery, often saturated with some chemical to give it an ethereal glow, is the figure and face of the one for whom the empty heart is longing.

These are some few of the things that the false messengers attempt. They try to show that objects are tossed about by spirit hands! But we

will not attempt to depict all the horrible things which these false messengers perpetrate upon their sorrowing victims!

Defilers of the Faith they are! Untrue to their own souls! Untrue to the God in whose presence they will be forced to explain their purpose in this tampering with these things which belong to God and his soul world. Beware of the darkened séance room! Beware of the false messengers! Beware of the hidden, draped form that stalks forth in all its deceptive array of trailing garments of the other world! Beware of the hidden springs which toss objects about, purporting to be spirit hands so engaged. Beware of the hidden graft that lies in the fingertips of these false messengers, and whose very doorsteps reek with the offal of their impure trade! Beware of anything that slinks unhealthily here and there in the dark!

Never does a fresh flower bloom in the dusky light of the moon, regardless of how fragrant it is, but that it wilts in the bright rays of the sun. Beware of the false messenger and his glamorous tales of the soul world things—tales of how he can conjure from the depths of heaven or hell!

To Do with the Building of the Home Eternal

EARLY THIS MORNING A SOUL ARRIVED. IT SEEMED TO GROW MORE disconsolate as it wandered about apparently seeking something. Finally we asked this soul what it was seeking and it answered, "I understood a home was awaiting me here, but I am not able to find anything that even slightly resembles the home I left."

When we asked what kind of a home it had left, it said, "It was a most beautiful home with castellated turrets and mullioned windows, possessing everything heart could wish for on earth."

Then we asked, "What is the reason you seek such a home here?"

And the soul said, "Is it not right that I should have a like beautiful home here?"

We asked again, "What was offered you on your arrival?"

And the soul, looking disdainfully around, answered, "I was shown a tiny shed-like affair and told that was my home. Why, on earth we would not have housed one of our cows in such a place!"

It then became our sad duty to show this soul the folly of seeking the mansion it expected. We showed it that it had done nothing while on earth to build such a home. Rather, it had left earth life in a condition bordering on the direst poverty as regarded its position in the soul world.

We asked this soul to answer the following questions: "What had it done to warrant its having a beautiful mansion here?" Stupefied, it looked at us and sullenly answered, "Why, I gave away all my old clothes and many things I could not use any longer."

And we said: "Why the old—not the new?"

At that, the soul answered shortly, "Why—the very idea of giving away new and beautiful things! No one ever gives away new and beautiful things!"

Then we showed this soul a thing of great beauty in the distance—a bright castellated tower reaching far in the sky, and we showed the soul what had made the foundation of that bright tower. It was nothing more or less than some bright new shoes which the owner of that tower had taken from its own shelves, and, looking tenderly at their soft leather, had carefully wrapped and taken to a friend whose feet were not ever accustomed to such finery.

So it was with all the rest of the bright castle. As each dome scintillated and shone, we pointed out to this soul shorn of its earth castle how each dome was founded on some kind deed done on earth by the owner of this bright sky creation.

After a time this sad soul, beginning to realize that it must lift itself out of its shed-like affair through kind deeds to others, hesitated a moment and then softly asked, "Is there nothing I can do here that will be of aid to anyone?"

At this question, suddenly a child appeared and said, "What is there one might find to eat?" And the soul took it by the hand and showed it a tree of honey-sweet fruit, and then remembering its own shed-like home it said, "I will take the child there, and let it rest a while." And lo! There at its right hand appeared the first stone to start the foundation of its home in the sky.

Then, another person came along—a very old man decrepit and weary, hobbling along seeking a stick which might aid him in his walking. As he approached the sad soul, he asked her if she could help him in finding such an aid. Just then, the soul, noticing a tiny little tree bursting into bloom close by the first stone of the foundation of its sky home, emptying her heart of all the joy she had experienced in the tiny tree's blooming, motioned toward it and said to the decrepit old man, "There, take the little blossoming tree. It stands there idly awaiting you."

Lo and behold! As the old man touched the tree, he disappeared, and in his place rose a tiny dome-like tower, glowing in the bright sunlight, and so the first dome of the castle was built. Then, along came a friend of the earth, who had been in the soul world many years. This friend said, "What is the reason this castle of yours is so small? You were always surely handing out things to your friends there on earth." Then, the soul said, "There was nothing of value in what I gave away. They took my gifts because they were in dire need, but nothing of beauty did I give them. Here I have already learned that one must enjoy the giving of things that bring joy and beauty to the heart of the receiver even as much as the things that stave off starvation. See, I have already one stone of the foundation of my home here and one small gilded tower." Then, she hurried to see how she could help anyone whom she met who needed help.

It was long before sufficient proof was evidenced that this soul who had come here so barren as to an eternal home had thrown away all selfish inclinations and in their place had instilled plans for the helping of others. This was shown by many and many a gilded tower and many a mullioned window, until finally the home of this soul shone a

pattern of glistening light—so brightly did it shine, it seemed to have been decorated by the Frost King.

This is the end of the story of the house in the sky.

Now take the story of the other soul that came here. This one came lightsomely, and contentedly went about looking for the small home which she expected to await her. This soul had no illusions of grandeur.

As she opened her eyes, she saw afar off a glittering spectacle which won her admiration so much that she exclaimed at the glory of this marvelously beautiful home! But, as she wandered here and there seeking the small place which would accommodate her, she was surprised when a bright soul guide appeared, and with a shining finger pointed to the glittering structure which had won her admiration. "Look! There stands your home—" And the guide led the newly arrived soul to the glittering mansion.

On their arrival, the guide said, "Dost thou remember how often you stroked the head of the old horse that stood in the great field near your home, and how many times you defied the cruel hand that struck it savagely when the load was more than it could bear? Behold! Here is the foundation stone of your home here."

Then, going to a larger stone, the guide said, "Here lies a larger stone." Here a tear fell from her eyes, as she sobbed out the story of this stone.

"Long ago there grew a flower that wilted early. A thing of the street she was. Handsome she looked in the throng as all men's eyes followed her. But it was not long before she was lying at death's door, shorn of her beautiful tresses, with eyes dimmed with tears, stark naked of all beauty she was. As she lay there, a thing of the street, alone and defiled, you took her to your home. You fed and clothed her. You showed her the right road to the future life, and such a converted-to-good-thing you made of her that when she entered here, the souls who met her wept with joy."

Then, following the direction of the pointing finger, the soul saw another stone, and, to the horror of the newly arrived soul, the guide

wept tears of real sorrow as she slowly said, "Here lies the honor of your youth which you bartered to feed the hungry mouths of the family which was left in your hands to care for." And with that she sobbed again, for behold, this one stone was so large that the whole glittering castle rested upon it.

Thus was the soul who had achieved such a castle through unselfish help and devotion to others while on earth swept into her eternal home. God in this way metes out their future home to those on earth. Little does the trivial kindness mean to the one who gives it. Sometimes only a glass of cold water, but the purity of desire to give help fashions it into a golden chalice filled with the nectar of the gods.

Let those on earth remember. "The little things we do for others count greater in the heavenly home than the greatest charity heralded to the world in marble statues."

Earth Life and Other World Life

BEFORE THE SOUL ENTERS INTO THE STATE OF HAPPINESS IN THIS other world, it must reorganize its whole conception of things it learned on earth.

It must realize that the things of earth which it deemed of such enormous worth are in reality of small value here. Also, it must learn that the things it thought of small value there on earth are of the greatest value here.

We will start with the beginning—as with a child starting in school. It must learn first to put away things of the earth. In their stead it must take up things of the soul world. We will use as an example the following story:

The other day a soul came here—a full-fledged human being. On earth he had had all the advantages of education, travel, money—everything that rounds out a man's character. When he came here, he

expected to take the same place among souls as he had held on earth. His first lesson was to learn that not one single thing of earth value counted here. At first, he said, "I will arrange all my affairs in a business-like order." But he found there were no rules over here whereby one arranges business affairs. He found there were no business hours. Instead of distance back and forth to his home and office, there was no distance. Instead of borrowing and lending of monies, there was nothing of the kind. Instead of smiling when the heart was not smiling, he found this could not happen. Instead of belittling the efforts of others on earth who were attempting to rise high, he found that here one of the principal rules was to offer help—not put obstacles in front of the one struggling. The first lesson had scarcely been learned before he stumbled over the next lesson. This was that his own soul must be perfectly cleansed of all earth desires before it was fitted to hold a place with these other souls over here.

The cleansing process is not the happiest thing to surmount. It means more than saying definitely, "I am through with such and such a thing." It means that the soul must absolutely forget the earth ties which bound it to earth things.

It means the soul must forge new chains of love and affection. It means the soul must learn the difference between earth love and soul love. Soul love is the purified affection between two people. It is the merging of two souls into one, as it were. The thing the Bible speaks of which makes two people as one. The difference between love on earth and love here is that on earth there are definite desires to be fulfilled before earth love is satisfied. Here the soul affection is this:

We eat the same bread of life. We drink the same wine of life. We breathe the same air. And the thing that brings joy to the one brings joy to the other. As such, with thoughts on an even keel, we soar through soul life. Unfettered, although joined to each other, by a mutual, definite chain; unsullied by earth desires, although experiencing to the fullest the deepest affection one soul can feel for another.

Each family that comes here is born again into a new sect—as it

were, freed from all earth conventions; yet it surrounds itself with a new chain of deepest mutual affection.

Another thing the earth being must learn here: It is that thoughts of dollars must be thrown away. It is that the dross and glitter of earth gold are as false here as the gleam of the false gold found in the striation of the rocks found in the deepest recesses of the earth.

With the false value of money thrown in the discard, there arises another query. What is the symbol of value here? We answer you in the truest answer that was ever given: Love—Golden Love rules here! Ample-fold love is the bank we draw upon here! Love—the most beautiful thing that ever ruled the human heart. Unbounded love, crucified and starved on earth, driven into dark corners, only to be found in the barren attic and in the hearts of the sad!

Love—the thing stifled and forbidden existence on earth, comes here wan and half starved—soon finds itself in its right place crowned as the ruler of the soul world.

A Testament to Those Still on Earth Whom We Loved There

THERE ARE MANY THINGS WE EXPERIENCE THERE, THAT WE ARE NOT happy over after our arrival here.

These are the small altercations and the little evil things that creep in to separate friends there. Of all these the saddest are the harsh words we exchanged with each other. Not often does one come here who is not in deep sadness over some little distressful incident that has arisen to separate that one from some friend still on earth.

Some trifling thing that has separated them until finally one came here and there was no chance of reconciliation. That seems to be one of the most sorrowful issues over here. The fact that one has come here, and one is left on earth, and between them the greatest barrier of all—

death, with no means to surmount that barrier, and again unite the broken bond of friendship. We beg you, friends there, who seem to have little differences among yourselves, to sit and think deeply as to what difference it might make in your feelings against that friend, should he step into the cloudy little ship and leave for the soul world, before you ever saw him again.

There is another thing too, that we wish to tell you—you families who have been separated on account of some harsh word or deed and who have been in agony over death having taken that one to whom the harsh word had been spoken, before peace had been made—it is this—that here that person bears you no hard feelings. Rather is there a feeling of deep sadness that the thing cannot be happily settled now, and the one still on earth know that no hard feelings exist, and that no harsh feelings of earth are brought here.

What the People of the Earth Merit Here

YESTERDAY I WANDERED THROUGH A GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE. I AM wont to frequent the places of men on the earth to study their ways and to ponder thereon on my return here. As I saw the great variety of things heaped there in confused masses, I thought, "What would I take home if I really had come to buy?" Finally I decided that in all that great array there was not one thing I really would have needed.

That is the way it is with you earth people. Not one among you who has not more than he really needs. What is the use of storing up great quantities of things that in a few short years will be thrown to one side? What is the use of having so many more clothes than you really need? Why have so many cars, and so many ships of the air and so much more of all these things than you can really use? We are not against your having enough to be happy with and enough of dainty things to eat, and perhaps a few extra pretty things to wear, but

why should you endow yourselves with all the wealth of the world and then in the end retire and leave it.

Blindfold one comes into the world, and blindfold one leaves the world! What happens between the time of birth and the time of death is a thing to be judged as to its ability to make one happy in the next world. The only worthwhile things that happen in the earth world are the things one does toward the happiness and the betterment of the world at large. There are very many things that are not even seen by God that you people of the earth think are of enormous value.

It seems to me that the story of the Christian with whom I spoke very recently who soon after entered this world, showed the general trend of the minds there. As I remember, he spoke of the next world as a place of refuge from all the cares and problems of the world.

Urging him to state his thoughts of the next world, he spoke thus: "When I first came into this world I had nothing to be happy over. I was nothing but a poor little creature, one of a large family who had all they could do to take care of themselves in the most abject poverty. Not long did they take care of me, I'll tell you that. I soon made my way in the world, and now only see what I have accumulated. I have a house filled with all the wealth of the world. There is not a thing I have not done to provide for my children. They certainly will not have to struggle as I did. I am surely better fixed than anyone who grew up along with me. There is not a thing I have wished for that I have not accomplished, and now that the time has come for me to die, I am fully and thoroughly prepared to enter into rest."

What was the result of this man's life on earth? There on earth he had not ever thought of the hereafter as anything but a place where he would sit with folded hands. It was not as if he had fashioned a place for himself in the soul world. He had not ever thought of such a thing as being anything but a guest in a house all prepared for him. But, not one tiny stick of furniture had he furnished for this world, not one brick had he laid for the foundation. Not one thought had he given to the soul home.

Now, why should there be a home provided for him in the soul

world? It is true that God gave him life, but that did not mean that the man was to absorb and enjoy all the luxuries of the world, no matter if he did procure these things for himself.

Was there not some reason for this existence of his? Was he meant to think of himself solely as he fought and wrestled for all these things of the world? Was there not some reason back of his existence? Surely there was. He was sent into this world to build for himself a certain place in the soul world. There was no barrier against his settling things happily for himself, as long as he did not forget the existence of a divine ruler who had placed him on earth to help others. He should have heeded the sorrows of those around him. He should have tried to give help in the sordid conditions around him instead of withdrawing from these helpless, sad ones and climbing up on the stairway of their poverty and sorrows.

Not often does one witness such a funeral as this man had. There lying in state was this man who had reached the wildest heights of ambition. He had accumulated wealth in the world, it seemed to us, and yet, while about him stood all the prelates of the church and the high people, still not a tear was shed. A befitting funeral for the empty-hearted man who lay there.

Barely a year passed before the death of this great man which had shocked the world was forgotten. True it was that many and many a tiny hamlet remembered him, but not in a happy way. It was memory revived by some cruel deed of his—the foreclosure of a mortgage here, or the stripping of some possession from someone who had owed him there, or such like harsh deeds.

Strange it was that on that same day as I witnessed this great man's funeral, I happened to drift into the household of another death. This time it was in a small poverty-stricken home. There were faces here lined with sorrows, and hands worn with toil, but over all there was a depth of feeling and love which showed itself in the small votive offerings of flowers and kindly tears shed, as over a loved comrade, while at the foot of the simple casket was the dog, which was lost in sadness for the master over whom it had loved to fawn.

Let me tell you of the entrance of these two men into the soul world. What was the effect of the arrival of the rich man? You may be surprised to know that he was not cordially greeted. He was left standing alone, almost too long to be proper. When one greets a long expected guest, one is generally happy to meet him, but in this case the guest was not looked for. As far back as these people of the soul world could remember, not one thought of this man who had entered their world.

Finally, after he had stood there a long time, long enough to attract the attention of the whole soul world it seemed, a timidly smiling little soul came over to him, and smiling sweetly said: "I greet you in the name of God into whose presence you have come." The rich man looked at her questioningly and said: "Is there no committee to greet me? Was it not known in advance that a great man was coming? Why am I not met as befits my station?" Then he waited for an answer. Looking this way and that, the smiling little soul said: "There seems something wrong. We heard something of your coming, but we heard that there was nothing remarkable about you except that you had not lifted your hand to help anyone but yourself. And as such people are not ever greeted, unless someone happens to be idle when they come, perhaps that explains the long wait you have had."

Then the rich man started to fuss and fume and to tell about how he had been a member of this great church, and about all the things he had done—how he had installed this great organ, and fitted out that great library, and about how he had exploited railroads and steamships and all such things for the people. But the little soul said: "Those things may all be true, but here in this world we bear no records of these things. Rather have we a record on the downward trend about you. Not one day but that we have heard something ill about you. We have tried to blot out some of these bad records, but there were so many it was impossible. Too many selfish deeds surround you. We see no good deeds to your credit. All the earth gold you have collected bears no weight here. All you have garnered and possessed is still there. We have no record of any possessions or claims here."

With a heavy heart, the rich man said: "What fate then awaits

me?" And he answered: "Take yourself to the farthest corner of the heavens. There you will find teachers who will start at the beginning, and perhaps in centuries you will become one of this heavenly host among whom you desire to dwell."

Now how as to the other man who arrived the same day? What a joyful entrance into the soul world was his! Not one instant for him to wait. On all sides happy greetings and handclaps. Everywhere tinkling bells and whole drifts of flowers that he had planted and given life to through his careful hands, and besides all these there were the tiny animals he had befriended, and even a wild singing thrush of the forest he had found one morning half frozen, and had taken inside his coarse woolen shirt and had warmed it until it was able to fly away in the sun. All these things were there to meet him, and many children whom he had helped in their little troubles, and through it all—through the tinkling bells and the drifts of flowers and the gladsome greetings, and the clear voices of the children—sounded the cheerful, joyful voice of God Himself as He said: "I herewith welcome you to your eternal home, which you yourself have provided with every luxury through kind deeds which here are weighed according to their true worth."

*The Fatality of the One Who Sits and Thinks of Immortality
and Does Not Move His Little Finger to Help in the
Great Scheme of Affairs*

FAR OFF IN THE DESERT, THERE ONCE LIVED A MAN WHO THOUGHT THE whole world was wrong. Early in the morning he stood at the door of his tent, and blessed the day inasmuch as he knew it would bring no one near him. In one corner of the tent he slept. Outside in the early morning, he ate the dates that fell from the tall tree whose fronded leaves hung over his tent. All the time he was eating these dates, he

was thinking to himself; "How pure in heart am I! How far from all the evils and sins of the world!" And in this way he soliloquized as the sun rose high in the heavens.

Far away in the distance, a tiny tornado of dust swept spirally upward to the sky. Still farther away was the seashore. All the long lonesome day, the man of the tent sat there. Then toward evening a cool rain fell, and soon deep sleep enveloped this man of our story.

Another day opened its eye, and again the man of the tent sat there, and this time he ate full well of the soft, ripened-by-the-sun dates. And then as before, he soliloquized on the well-being of his soul, and as before, he thought: "Surely there is no one as holy as I!" And still another tiny dust cloud arose to the sky, and farther away still the coppery blue sea shone in the radiant rays of the tropical sun. And in this manner, day after day passed, week after week, month after month and year after year, until finally the tent held only the dead figure of the man, and then what do you think happened? Still another little cloud of dust rose to the sky, and still farther away, as before the coppery sea shone.

And this is the story of the man of the tent, who according to his own thoughts lived in the very shadow of God himself. Now what does this little thing mean, you say.

We will tell you. It means this. That the soul that comes here bereft of all frailties in its own thoughts is nothing more than the dried reed that the wind blows here and there.

When the soul like the dried reed comes here, it must first learn to take root, and to bear a flower, and that means that the heart itself must be touched. It must be laid open by many and many a wound, and those wounds must be healed and leave their scars. The heart must suffer its quota of fear and happiness, and it must weep its tears, and it must dry these same tears with happy things.

All things of the earth must be brought into one's life, before that one is perfected enough to walk through the gate into the new life.

If the life has been cast in a barren spot in earth life, the more that soul does to make that spot bloom forth in spring-like beauty, the more

praiseworthy will that soul's action be than that of a soul that finds itself cast in a barren spot, and realizing to the full its limitations, instead of trying to overcome them, snuggles deep in its sleep, and waits for some great thing to awaken it.

Let those who find themselves cast in the most stricken places, do all in their power to forge the things around them into something of beauty and light.

The Falling Star

THE OTHER NIGHT WE NOTICED A STAR AS IT FELL INTO THE SEA. TO one it meant sudden news of a death. To another it was a lover's sign. To still another it meant recovery of health. And to still another it meant fortune. Now, all these were right in their different interpretations of the falling star.

And yet here is the true sign. As we watched it, we saw a tiny child's soul gasping for breath in one of the lowest hovels of the earth. Just as the soul left the frail structure, the star left its home in the sky. The significant fact is this, that the light of the falling star showed a distinct road between the two worlds. For an instant the soul hesitated before leaving the frail body, then seeing the long rift of light from the other world, lightly it placed its feet on the stardust and quickly ascended into eternity.

So remember when a star falls, look quickly at the pathway it leaves in its descent. Oftentimes many souls take the same road, and well it would be to watch these souls in their ascent, for often their eyes are scared, and their feet are trembling until they have neared the other shore. Then, if you watch more closely, you will be surprised at the joyful expression in their eyes, for the nearer they advance to the farther shore, the greater the expression of joy becomes. No farther

away than last night, the new moon glittered and shone in the blue-black sky, and I thought as I looked at it:

"How many souls it has helped to come here. Not once has it failed a soul when it sought an avenue of escape from earth life. Always at its post in the sky, unless perchance there be a dark cloud over its face, or in the agony of being reborn it still clings to mother earth. At such times there is no light from it, and at these times the souls flutter, and, lost in confusion over their ascent into the other world, they try various routes here.

One is by the usual soul ship, which, dressed in its silver flowers which give it a soft glow all of its own, softly brings the soul here. Another is by the light of the falling stars. But by far the most come just at the time when the daylight is throwing off its soft opaque robes of the night and earnestly rises up on tiptoe to greet the eastern sunrise. Early in the day when the first streamers of light dart hither and thither, myriads of souls take their flight upward, for then the earth-heart is at its lowest ebb, and easy it is to turn the tide toward the happy soul world instead of remaining on earth where all things of terror and alarm abound.

Other Things Are Here

OTHER THINGS ARE HERE—LOVED MEMORIES OF EARTH PLACES VISITED survive the change from earth to soul life, and here again appear the scenes so happily remembered in their earth verisimilitude.

Every tree there, and every valley, every white-sailed ship in the distance, every leaf of the tree blowing in the wind, the ship cleaving its way through the blue-green waters as before—all those appear again in the soul world.

Life in this other world is not a thing to be looked at with fear and distress. Rather is it a thing to be looked forward to with the greatest

delight. Here with the garden of loved flowers around it and with friends instead of earth enemies, and with all the things of its childhood days which it loved, and with the things of its youth, and with all the beauty of the earth, and, added to these joys, that of being freed from the trammels of the earth—who could wish for a better or happier thing than Death?

Let us find a new word for Death. Let us call it The Happy Land. The farther away is Death, the farther away is The Happy Land, and the farther away is Death, the farther away is the Forever-Ever Land.

Approach to the Spirit World

THERE IS NOTHING THAT WE WHO INHABIT THE SPIRIT WORLD CAN expose to earthly understanding, unless that understanding is attuned to our vibrations. We are not of substance to be felt. Our voice is soundless to earth ears—our thoughts reach only those whose thought cells are attuned to receive our thought vibrations.

Not many who have studied the spiritual world from the scientific standpoint have reached accord of opinion. First, there are those who definitely decide against spiritual belief. To them it is nothing but an illusion. Studied in the night—that is, in the dark séance room—it may be regarded as palpable fraud. Even studied openly, in the cold light of reason, the conclusion may be reached that there is nothing to it, since such an attitude is hostile to any developments that could be recognized as an intimation from the soul world. And, so, between the two doubts what is there to trust?

Were it but a trivial question to be considered, investigation would be futile. But here is something which profoundly affects all mankind. What then shall be offered to convince those to whom faith and truth in a soul world would be imparted, yet who must be reached through earthly understanding by spiritual messages? Some way must be

found to interest the whole world, so that it shall be known that we still live, more alive and more alert than while on earth. That we still hold dear those whom we have left.

There is no royal road between the two worlds; no offer of gold can bring enlightenment in this matter. We must therefore use the only vehicle available, and that is the sympathy and faith of those attuned to receive us. Through these we would teach the truth as to the existence of the spirit world, reaching eventually all who have the intelligence and force of character to attempt to discover for themselves what lies beyond the Vale of Tears.

Since the beginning of time down to the present age there has been no single idea so strongly established in all tribes and people—as the one idea of an after-life. Through all the ages that one primordial idea has persisted—that there is another life after death on earth. Always has this sentient belief prevailed—"There must be some place where our loved ones exist, where we shall meet again."

All over the earth, certain obsequies are carried out on the death of each person. Among some, it is the living sacrifice. Among other tribes or peoples, these obsequies take the form of providing food and all things to furnish a comfortable journey to the Unknown Land—even including servants who go along to help on the long journey.

Regardless of the manner of funeral rites—whether they be wreaths of flowers, music and prayers, or whether they be the more substantial accompaniments of food, war accoutrements, and servants to go with the dead on this journey, still it is the one basic belief that the soul marches on to another land.

North—South—East—or West—jungle tribes or frozen tribes of the far North—all possess the same thought. They still expect to see the departed one—in the Eastern sky, in the glowing sunrise, the dark thunder of the storm, or in the brilliant sunset. Those who are not interested or who do not hold any belief in an after-world are in such minority that they stand alone.

According to science, "There is no waste." Where does the life, the actuating element, or moving force, of the body go after death?

Whence comes this all prevailing belief that the soul goes on to another world?

Those who profess to believe there is nothing after death will soon have the question solved when they come here. Then will the terrible truth flash upon them at their first glance of this soul world as to how mistaken they were to have closed their eyes and their hearts to the belief in a future existence. These are the ones who will find it most difficult to take even the first step on the upward road to ecstasy.

Death, in its ruthless manner, comes to each and all—"Like a thief in the night." To the one whose eyes have been opened, even to the smallest degree, to the after-life while still on earth, help will be offered with open arms on the arrival of that soul here. It is upon those who are attuned to the soul world that we must depend for help to teach the great multitude who are eager and anxious to know the truth.

Many historic steps have been taken by certain scientific men who have possessed minds open to conviction. This small group of intelligent people has done more to relieve the suffering of humanity than can be estimated. To them should be given praise that they have had the courage to brave the opprobrium that is cast upon all those who dare profess interest in the existence of a spirit world.

A definite security as to meeting the problems of material existence should be vouchsafed to those who earnestly desire to study the spirit world. They should be given aid and financial security for life, so that they may bravely state what they decide after research work along these lines. As they now work, nothing can be proved either for or against the truth in a spirit world, since these students of the subject are ruled by the fear that should they for the slightest moment deviate from a course of doubt they would lose their remunerative position or prestige. Therefore, due to necessity, they do not jeopardize their means of livelihood by declaring absolute belief in the spirit world.

Since death takes all people eventually there is nothing more important than that the truth or falsity of another world be proved. It would be far more valuable to pursue research in this matter than to spend unlimited money and effort in research in other fields.

The plea is to endow research workers in this subject with sufficient material safety to allow them the power either to affirm or deny the truth of existence after death. It takes much time, intelligence and care to verify the smallest intimation from the spirit world.

To use prophecy to substantiate the existence of an after-life is perhaps the strongest force available. This must not be confused with "telling fortunes" to the individual. It is more convincing to foretell the great happenings that will have influence on the minds of those interested. Prophecy for the individual is against the teachings of this belief—in that each soul is put on earth to work out his destiny according to his own ability and desires. The manner and results of that effort are the very things that give the soul its place in this other world. Prophecy has existed since the world began. All nations, all tribes have their own seers. Many of these seers have been given a place in history.

Dealing with a condition where there are neither Time nor Space, since the other world has no limitations, nothing by which time or space can be reasoned, and since this indefiniteness is perhaps the greatest stumbling block, there can only be told the thing that will happen. How or when is difficult to state. Sometimes the very date and place is told, but it is more often indefinite as to both these important data.

Since Time and Space are both doubtful, it is better to refuse to anyone anything whatever, lest it create havoc in that person's affairs. Very few of the many throngs of earth people stand out as the bearers of events that pertain to the world in general. While all think their lives are of prime importance, really they are doomed to pass as a cloud of locusts, leaving not much behind but dry stalks upon which they have lived. As for what they bring of value to the world at large—they are of not much more importance than the weed by the roadside. This does not mean that each soul is not of equal importance to the Great Ruler. It means only that the ones who are meant to carry out the great schemes of the universe are recognized as important by these other world people and, as such, often much can be told to them as to their future.

The foretelling of affairs, good or bad, has nothing to do with the happening of these things. Nothing can stop a bad thing, nor can anything hurry a good thing. These things are SET—THEY HAPPEN. The only advantage gained in knowing what the future holds is that one is given an armor, as it were, with which to protect himself, to be prepared for that which is to come.

(Personal statement: A very well known old physician once told me that he had witnessed the death of too many people to *disbelieve* in an after-world. He told me of the astonished, happy look on the faces of many who were dying. They evidently were being met by those who had gone on before.)

Awakening of the Soul

AFTER THE SOUL HAS REALIZED THAT IT HAS PASSED THROUGH THE crisis which is called death, it begins to wonder where this light comes from, and then it awakens to the fact that there are many faces around it. These are the faces of old-time friends and of loved members of the family who have come here before it. Among these faces are strangers, and all these people are happily smiling into the heart of this new soul.

Long ago there was a flower which held its head high—higher than it should have, and this soul remembers that flower with its head tilting this way and that and it remembers how it broke that proud flower from its stem, and lo! here shines the soul of that very flower!

It is thus with all the animals the soul loved. Here is the dog that touched lightly with its scarlet tongue the bruised finger which this soul had received as a child when it played with some cruel instrument.

And here is the horse that happily drew it as a child here and there, even when its feet were tired. Long ago this horse came here, forgotten sooner than it should have been. And here is the cow whose creamy milk fed it. And flying high in the air, sweetly singing its song of happiness over the arrival of this soul, is the bird which it had taught

to feed from its fingers. Also, stranger animals are here. Bereft of their former tents and desert sands, camels stand about—their souls as clean and as pure as the morning sunlight on the desert! Instead of their former raucous voices, like the tones of subdued bells their voices resound in the rarefied air of the soul world.

The New Faith

THE NEW FAITH TEACHES LIFE ETERNAL. IT TEACHES THAT IN THE end love rules all. It teaches that the giving of pleasure and happiness and the bringing of love and sunshine into other lives are the important things. The New Faith deals more with love than with law. The Thou-shalt-nots rest on law, but The New Faith rests on love—the love that spreads happiness and kindness and pleasure and comfort. The Great Teacher went about demonstrating the law of love, not the laws of wise men.

Hearts saddened by unbelief and the fear of death fill the world. We see many hearts lifeless there and contemplating a lifeless future. Believers in The New Faith are the ones that will pass through the valley of the shadow of death smiling. Many a softly smiling face answering the call of death is visible proof that they see us before they are really here. Those who come clouded in doubt and despair are hard to be reached by us. Many come here terrified at the great change and the uncertainty of what may meet them after death. Belief in eternal life will take away that fear.

People must be taught that their loved ones are with them, unseen, unheard and unfelt, but still living in a finer sense than you can realize. These souls stand beside you through happiness and sorrow. They try to tell you not to be sad. Every deed of kindness you do adds to their happiness. Love rules our world and we try to influence you so that love will also rule your world through good deeds and kind

words and charity to all. If people knew how happy our life here is, the belief would spread faith and love and joy all over the world. Every moment souls are coming here and these souls leave sad hearts behind them. If we could convince people of the truth about the life here they would find it a great solace in their time of grief.

This New Faith will sweep over the world. Already it has thousands enrolled under its banner. This banner carries the message of love and hope and happiness for all. It waves over the specter Death and drives away that horror. In its place comes something more wonderful and beautiful and glad—hope and belief in eternal life. Over the world this New Faith is spreading. Never will it go back—always will it go ahead. Mighty it will be and barriers in its path cannot retard it. Ridicule cannot hurt it. Already it holds many people who believe secretly in their hearts.

Joy is the chief note in this New Faith because belief in the after-life encourages people to be happy. They know that after death each soul will make its own ascent toward ecstasy and that the only punishment meted out here for evil deeds on earth is the slowing up of that ascent. It is true that these souls that were filled with wickedness stand for long years before any help can come to them. The coming of that long delayed help is the beginning of their advancement.

The Stars and Their Effect on the Life and Death of a Person

THERE ARE MANY WHO DEEM IT THEIR DUTY TO DECIDE THE LIFE OF others by stars. Now why is it not right to settle the life of a person by stars?

It is against good sense to call these stars into account and stifle the hope of one being and raise false hopes in the heart of another by telling them the stars say they should do this or do that. Long before this

earth was inhabited by people, these stars hung in the firmament. What was their effect then upon the things of the earth?

Many and many a year these stars hung there before beings came, and they still hang there as they did for all these centuries, and although they seem to flicker and go out, to grow dim one time and bright at another time, still they hold the same position they did for all this time.

Not always was the effect of the stars the same on the people below. Sometimes great wars took place, and at other times great spells of peace, and so it will be until the end of time. What is there in the horoscope that means anything good, bad or indifferent to a person? If that person is mentally unbalanced, then surely it is not the fault of these stars, is it? If that person was born a cripple, what did the stars have to do with it? Were the stars at fault if that child's mother was unfit to bear this child? If so, why is there not some law that can be evoked to take the effect of these stars away from those who lie under their baleful influence.

Take it all in all, the fate of each person born under a certain star, should it be against the happiness or for the happiness of that person, is either certainly right or as certainly wrong. That is, there must be some rule which settles these things, so that they can be judged according to their good or bad qualities.

There must be some star which opens the door for this one to enter into fame and shuts it in the face of another, who as richly deserves that fame as the one who entered into it. There must be some star which decides that one person should be high and another person low. And so we will say this to those who forfeit their individual right to success as the fault of being born under a certain star and to another who blames a certain star for having reached fame that it made no difference whatever whether the star he was born under was stationary in the sky, was rising in its orbit, was in any particular space in the heavens, was being influenced by any other star, or was worth being noticed at all.

There is not a single instance in the records of the earth where a star affected the destinies of the person. Take two people born on the

same day, born under exactly the same star formation in the heavens, drag them into a far-distant country where the food is the same for each, where the definite work of each is the same, where their eyes view the same things, where they sleep the same amount of time, in fact, take it all in all, where both are subjected to exactly the same conditions of mind and body—you will not find the same reaction in both cases.

Now, to return to the beginning. You will find that there were influences that governed one and made that one react to these influences in a totally different manner from the reaction of the other one. Remembering that they were both born under the same star and both lived under the same conditions, there must have been something that made the different reactions.

We will tell you the truth of the matter. Far back in the dim and distant ages, there might have been a flinty hearted ancestor who bequeathed his strong, stern nature to this one descendant, one of the two born under the same star conditions exactly. The one bore the struggles and hardships in a far better manner than the other one did—apparently as favored as he was, since they were both born under the same remarkable rays of the same remarkable star.

So, henceforth, whenever you hear of a person being born under a fateful star that brought him sadness, or under a propitious star that brought him happiness, remember it all depends upon his own stability of character inherited and made up from generations of forefathers, helped by his own environment, as to whether he weathered the gales happily or sunk into oblivion. Lay it not to the stars, those innocent things—other worlds in fact—whose effects upon the lives of dwellers on the earth simply resolves itself into the one thing, the voice of the star saying:

"We are not the source of sadness or of happiness, nor do we tie any strings to the beings over whom we hung at time of birth. Free agents they are, fighting their own battles, only affected by hereditary influences handed down from father to son."

The Death Ship

ONE EVENING, FEELING A LITTLE DEPRESSED, I ASKED THEM WHY THEY did not take me out of this earth life which is so hard and sorrowful. At once they answered:

The ship which is to bear your soul here is not yet completed. All the long day we seek the silver flowers that bloom in the depths of the forest from which to fashion this ship. The sun is gone, and the pale moon fades ere we find them. Then, only by their perfume can we trace them, and even that vanishes as the day dawns. Oh, difficult is our task!

These flowers are the ones that are used only when death comes. Softly their silver light shines in the night. So frail are they that even the fly-in-the-air ships of India—the butterflies—sweep gently over their heads, lest they disturb the hearts of these silver flowers that bloom only for the death ships.

The death ship is the ship that brings you to the Happy Land, the land where relatives, friends, flowers, trees, valleys, and all beautiful things of the earth life exist. It is a pretty conceit among us to tell of this small ship that lasts only for the instant it takes to bring the soul here. It has sickle-shaped sails and a wraith of white flowers follows in its wake. A star—the star of eternal life—guides this carrier of the soul to the other shore. The death ship is fashioned from a silver flower, whose petals are twisted and turned until they assume the shape of sickles, and the whole thing completed is light as the breath of the flower from which it is made.

Noiselessly it arrives, and as noiselessly does it depart. Imperceptible to the living eye, still it can be seen from afar off by the friends awaiting it on the shores of the soul world.

Long before the soul dreams of the change awaiting it, it is followed by the little ship waiting to transport it to its eternal home when the time comes for it to leave the body. Not ever is the soul ship wrong! Not ever does it arrive too early or too late.



The Ship of Death

The Benefit of Sunlight and the Fallacy of a Dark Mournful Funeral

THERE IS AN ACTIVE PRINCIPLE IN THE RAYS OF THE SUN THAT penetrates through the darkest gloom and which is of great benefit to mankind. The use of glass obstructs these sun rays and lessens their value.

There are many things we can tell you about sunlight. God meant that people should live in the sunlight, not under roofs. At first, people made roofless shelters. Gradually, they made roofs more and more dense, so that now we have houses with scarcely a window, and within these houses dwell pallid corpse-like beings from whom crime waves sweep the earth.

Crime comes from lack of sunlight. Darkness always breeds wrong things. Let the sunlight shine deep into the caverns where darksome plotters are gathered.

Do away with the dark funeral trains. Take away the dark apparel of the mourners. Dress those who mourn in happy garments of gay colors. Place the casket in an open, happy-tinted vehicle that all may say, "There passes only a shell which a beautiful soul with fluttering wings has cast off."

Sever the bonds that bound the soul to earth by stopping the sobbing and weeping. Let gay-sounding bells tinkle instead of the mournful tolling of the funeral bells. Let the cast-off shell be decently covered by the earth from which it came. Do away with the pomp and glory of the funeral display. Little does the departed soul care what becomes of the shell from which it has emerged—so little that it has not one thought directed toward it.

Gladness is now the fitting note to be sung, instead of the mournful wailing that stifles the joy of the soul at its release from earth life.

Let the friends gather in a happy group, and, while feeling the loneliness of the physical presence of the one gone, still talk of that one as though he were present and could hear them, for such is the case.

There now is only a thin veil between these friends left behind and the one over whose absence they grieve.

Arrange things about the house in a happy state. Let there be no hushed footsteps. Let the footsteps be brisk and purposeful, and lest there be attention attracted to the mourners on account of their sorrowful garb, let it be ordered by law that nothing but gay garments be worn.

No one will question their grief, even though they are not wearing the dark and most somber of mourning. Why sadden others by recalling loneliness in their hearts, by open showing of sadness in the wearing of mourning garb? Rather let the whole happiness of the earth be helped by a showing of gladness over the fact that a soul has left its earth trials.

So-called Mediums

THERE IS A DIVISION BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND OUR WORLD AND THIS division is nothing but a veil. Some have already pierced this veil.

The greatest gift ever bestowed on anyone on earth is to be able to converse with us and receive our aid. Countless people might be helped by us if we could reach them. But there is a wall between us and them which cannot be penetrated either at their wish or at our wish. We might describe it as a condition of mind. The mind of the person to whom we are able to come is open. We come and go as the wind passes through the trees. There is nothing to bar us out. Between us and the other people whom we cannot reach, there is a wall which we are not able to pierce. Would that we could be received by all. Greatest help we could bring. The ones we can come to are guarded by us more than any others in the world. We can warn them of danger and we can help them in many ways. Often we help people who do not know they are being helped by us. We yearn to come to the most oppressed

and the most sinful. We could do so much for them. We could bring comfort and love to their hearts if we were able to penetrate the casing that surrounds them.

Why do you people of earth steel yourselves against us when we could bring happiness and love and joy and comfort to you? If doubt did not shut us out many more would be able to get messages from us. Belief that we live should dispel all doubt about eternal life. This doubt is the greatest cause of unhappiness in the world and it is the hardest thing we have to fight when we try to help the people there. Doubt stifles us. Even the minds of the highest are sometimes clouded by it. Our messages are intended to teach you that we live and to bring happiness and comfort to you. The first message that should give happiness is the assurance that we live. Your loved ones who are here want you to be happy. Your sadness hurts them and your happiness adds to their happiness here.

The ones we come to are those whose hearts are not clouded by doubt and closed to us. We come to those whose minds have retained their childlike openness. Often we come to children because their minds are open to us. Some of these children not only hear us—they also see us. They talk to us and we talk to them. Strange as it may seem to you, oftentimes the children of our World visit the children of your world and join them in their childish pleasures. In later years sin and worldly ambition and cares and desires and even worldly pleasures close these doors against us. So you see how it is we can come to only a few and not to many as we would wish. Once in a while we come to a child, once in a while to a grown-up person, but not to many do we come.

A strong bond of friendship between two people on earth sometimes leads to disbelief in life after death. These friends promise each other that the one who dies first will come back and tell the other about the after-life. Death separates these friends and the sorrowing one looks and waits. Sometimes he goes to false mediums and this increases his disappointment. No word comes from the friend who is gone and so he says in his heart that there is no life after death.

And do you know the true condition? All the time this friend who passed through the door of death is beside him, and is trying to tell him that he is there. But the one who is looking is not the kind that can receive messages. There is around him a casing so impenetrable that even his own loved ones cannot communicate with him—cannot even get a thought to him. Instead of saying: "This proves there is no life after death," why does that one not consider: "Perhaps the fault is mine. Perhaps I could not hear him if he did come."

When you realize that there is only one out of many thousands who can receive messages from our world, does that not explain the reason why these friends in different worlds cannot communicate with each other? When one is not the right kind to receive messages, no power in our world or in your world can change him so that he can hear us. It is easy for us to come to some if they will hear us. It is impossible for us to come to others who have not the "make-up" to hear us. In other words—some are attuned to receive us—others are not attuned to hear us. Sometimes those to whom we come do not understand the great gift we bring, and because ignorance clouds their minds, they belittle our messages and lower themselves and us in the eyes of the world. Want of world material wealth prompts these people to sell the gift we have brought to them. If people who really receive our messages would value them as coming from us they would say, "We must give openly and freely what we receive openly and freely." Accepting payment for aid and for loving messages brought from our world is proof to us of a cruel nature. Who dares take money for bringing love and comfort into a sorrowing heart? Who could feel that money could pay for it? This gift from us is not to be bought or sold. It is to be used as we come—for love and kindness only and never to be bartered for material wealth. Those who accept payment for this gift labor under double disadvantage. They first sell what is not theirs to sell. They are not honest in selling what belongs to us—that we brought to them to be used for the good of humanity and not to be bartered for their own personal gain.

There are reasons why they give more than they receive from us.

To some we give many messages. To others very little. Those who receive many messages add more to give greater satisfaction. The ones to whom we give but little, add much for the same reason.

Mediums are of two kinds. Either they are true mediums or they are false mediums. The true mediums are those who receive messages from us in good faith. These should be protected for theirs is the greatest gift that can come to anyone. Were they protected so they could give their messages freely to all, the world would be better and happier. The false prophets are the ones who pose as mediums and sell what they purport to be the truth. This creates unbelief and prejudice against anything coming from us. The fallacy of putting trust in these false prophets may not be known until it is too late. The harm done by them is so great it cannot be estimated. It bars comfort and happiness and solace from thousands. All over the world true mediums are so few they could easily be counted. Stringent laws should be used against the false mediums for the harm they do is immeasurable. Soon all will be cleared as regards our world. Either truth or nothing—This little book will help.

In foretelling events it is impossible for us to be accurate about time—TIME—or SPACE or DISTANCE. To us there is no time—no space—no distance. Everything is before our eyes. *Everything is now. There is no today, no tomorrow.* We see the final result like a straight line between two points. Many things of happiness and many things of sadness may occur on that road between the two points. But to us the final result is the only thing to be considered and that is what we see.

Opprobrium

THROW AWAY THE DARK SÉANCE ROOM. THROW AWAY THE DIM LIGHT.
Throw away the hands that strew flowers, not one petal of which a

soul could lift. Throw away the idea that the soul can do anything whatever in the way of physical manifestation.

All things between the two worlds rest only on one thing—the mental telepathy between those of the soul world and those of the earth world. The trail which carries these thoughts is not made of stardust nor of iron rails. Neither are they carried by ships of the air. This trail, more invisible than ether, has neither size, shape nor form of existence which could be compared to earth circuits. It is nothing but the wave of intelligence that lies between the two personalities—one the earth mind and the other the soul mind. The soul mind has retained the intelligence which it brought with it from the earth world, and to this has added much through the extraordinary perception which is accorded to each soul as it reaches here.

The idea of the soul showing itself to the throng in the séance room is the most flagrant abuse that could be foisted upon an intelligent people. It is as absurd as the breath of the flower taking the form of the flower. Nothing whatever emanates from the soul that could be photographed, even though the densest background and the most scientific devices be used. Never will photography of the soul be achieved.

To a few people of the earth has been given the gift to "see" the souls of the soul world who present themselves in their former earth figure and habiliments. To those who have this gift of soul sight, it is only the transfigured soul which has assumed its natural earthly form for identification.

This rare gift seems to be tied in with the fact that for some reason the soul has been given the power to return either to announce its earth death at the moment of its soul departure from the earth body, or to foretell some happening of extraordinary import to the one who sees. The undisputed fact that many people dream of things about to happen, or that have happened or are happening, very often at remote distances, must be given credence. All these things give strength to the fact that undeniably there are laws or distinct channels of intelli-

gence between the two worlds which are open to a certain few to understand.

This gift of seeing people of the other world is possessed by certain children. The child who tells the tale of other children having been its playmates when those who have been around the child during the play time have not seen any other children should not be punished or wrongly treated. It simply means that the child, still free of all earth conditions which form a shell about the human soul as it progresses in its earthly way, is yet fit companion for the soul children who visit it. No child's imagination is strong enough to foment such a definite scheme as to produce playmates who don the conventional earth garb and use the earth language and then vanish at the approach of an antagonistic human being. Many times children are reprimanded when they tell of their playmates, unseen to the eyes of the watching ones, but most delightful playmates, when described by the children who have been so visited. These children come and go as the wind and the sun.

Perhaps fairies owe their origin to the fact that the children of the other world often come to the earth children and move joyfully among them. Many children tell and retell their stories of these playmates who come unsought, and leave as informally. After the shell of earth life begins to harden around the child, it ceases to see or be interested in the soul visitors of former years. The memories fade away.

Right here let me say that the gift of seeing or hearing—clair-audience—any sort of gift along these lines cannot be acquired. Nothing can bring such a power to an individual, nor can a gift so possessed be strengthened. The person either possesses the gift in perfection, or possesses no gift whatever in this way. Unless the soul be born with the sensitive soul element that makes a clear road for the telepathy between the two worlds, nothing can bring such an intelligence about. Let no one attempt to assume this power, lest he be tried in the higher-than-earth court, and be judged criminal to the highest degree.

Court trials of those who practice this deception should be made more severe, for it is a thing that cannot be estimated as to the amount of harm done. The trial of such deceptions in the soul world metes out a more extreme punishment than do your earth trials. In the soul world the soul is deprived of any privileges which are first granted to the new souls arriving here. That soul on trial is brought to the lowest level of the soul world, and as such must meet all the frustrations which attend the arrival of the most evil-minded soul which has just quitted the earth. Through deepest adversity it must climb to the first step before it even begins to traverse the path upward to the Great Light or Perfection.

As this soul stands in this deep mire of adversity into which its earth deceptions have placed it, it will see passing by triumphant the souls whom it has tried to defraud with its false messages from the beyond. There it must stand until this trial by fire is over, and then it regains the place from which it fell when it began to practice this fraudulent method of acquiring fame and fortune.

There is no verdict heavier than the verdict passed upon the souls of the deceivers of earth people, these earth people easily deluded on account of the loss of their loved ones, seeking solace and peace from these fraudulent messengers.

Too long has the soul world been the scapegoat of the gay deceivers. The thronged stalls of the fortune tellers too long have brought opprobrium on the soul world. The mere statement that one believes in communication between the two worlds is likely to cause the raising of an eyebrow and a sneering, caustic expression on the face of the most kindly.

Why do they not consult the Book? Handmaid to all the churches! This Book plainly states the truth of Everlasting Life—with its full complement of true passages.

People of intelligence shun any connection with so-called "Spiritualism." They hesitate to admit, even though believing it implicitly, that they feel the presence of a loved departed one or that there can be any communication between this world and the next. The reason: they

abhor all that the term "Spiritualism" stands for: the back street; the maudlin, softly-speaking medium with her "controls"; the greedy demand for money; the sly, searching questioning for information; the whole evil set-up of the fake medium.

The person who has truth to tell does not need the dark room, nor the dim light, nor the soft music, nor the stupefying atmosphere. Hypnotic influences are not the runway for the soul.

Deliver these prowlers who live on carrion to the law. Spread the idea of no trust in the faker and stop the deadly poison of the false messenger, a noisome fungus that thrives in the dark room. Bring cleanliness and truth and belief in another world where the loved ones live and are waiting to meet their own in happiness and beauty and light!

Reincarnation

EARTH LIFE IS ENDED FOREVER WHEN THE LAST BREATH THERE IS drawn. One life there and then eternal life here. That is the beginning and end of all for every person. One person there—the same person here. No conglomerate mass of souls as some teach. No going back to earth to exist in another form. One individuality there and the same here forever. One's own circle of people here as there. Here each is with his own. That may include even people whom he never met until he comes here. Each has his own immense circle. These circles merge into each other so that there is no limit to the love and kindness that exists on all sides. That means that here we all are friends.

Hands that have once held these sunbeams could not ever hold the coarse things of earth again.

Eyes that have once seen the glory of these heavens could not ever endure the blackened clouds of sadness there.

We are ourselves here just as we were there. When we reach the highest heights we are still ourselves.

Worship of God

TODAY WE VISITED A VERY RICHLY APPOINTED TEMPLE. INSIDE THIS temple was a magnificent altar, and around this altar were grouped the attendants with their leader. There were ribbons and jewels and incense! Still the people in this place of worship did not appear to be any happier than those whom we later saw in a little tent formed by interlacing branches of forest trees, bent on the same purpose of worshipping God.

In the one place there were tinkling bells—incense, perfumes, and richly garbed people. In the other place the garb was dulled and faded by continual wear and washing and drying under the summer sun. Yet, in both places of worship the people professed to be obeying the law of God—to worship and adore Him.

Now, which group of these people gathered together for the purpose of worshipping God was right? Those in the rich temple thought, "We are exactly right. What is there to hinder us from walking straight into the kingdom of God? Our clothes are of the finest, our way of living is of the most cultured. We have no cause to be disturbed by the troubles and worries of the outside world." Under the open air tent of forest branches, those gathered there said, "We are right. We are worshipping God in the proper way. Our garb is of the poor. We are humble and righteous in every way." So each faction felt that it was right.

The truth is that God does not handle these affairs in a wrong way. He little cares whether His subjects wear rich garb—sparkling jewels and smell of the scents of Arabia. Neither does He care if they are clothed in the much washed garments of the poor. But what He does fathom, what He does judge, as their regard for Him is what He sees

in their hearts. There He sees the record, and there He sees the reward they deserve. Whether it be great or small, He measures it true. Within the heart itself He sees all—even the things never laid bare to the eyes of the world. Good and bad—He knows and sees all. His it is to judge at the final opening of the gate between the earth world and the soul world just what that soul deserves, and, according to His judgment, there lies the verdict as to the soul's place.

What Is Death?

DEATH IS THE TRANSITION FROM THE EARTH WORLD TO THE SOUL world. The flight of the soul from the earth world to the soul world is instantaneous. One moment *there*—the *next* moment here. Death is the great change. It comes to all, the high and the low—the young and the old—the good and the bad. But death should not be called death. It should be called life instead. For death is the birth into real life.

Death brings better and greater things to all. To those who live right it brings power to accomplish greater good. To the weak it brings strength. To the sick it brings health. To the unhappy it brings happiness. To the unloved it brings love. To the sinful it brings cessation of sin and the first dawning of a new life. Those who have lived right on earth find here all the love and joy and gladness they looked for, only it is increased a hundred—nay, a thousandfold. The soul which has striven to do what is right on earth is ready and anxious to be helped here and easily progresses.

The hardships of life there staunchly endured prepare the soul to take a higher place here on arrival. If you could witness the joy of the awakening of your friends as they come here, you would never weep another tear over the death of a loved one leaving earth. When a soul comes here, it takes on this new life even before it is aware of the great change. It awakes to find itself at the very pinnacle of youth and

beauty and strength and at that age it remains always. There is no suffering, no ills of the mind, no ills of the body. Here everyone is perfect and beautiful, enjoying eternal happiness. You people of earth have no idea of what you are meeting here. If you understood our life here you would have no dread of death.

Many come here so tired and weary and worn out with suffering that they need long rest before they are strong enough to understand the new life. That soul sleeps and awakes and sleeps and awakes until finally all memory of pain and weariness is gone and then the new life begins. The soul is ready to start its new life. It finds its loved ones surrounding it waiting to help it onward.

Those who come quickly as the star falls need no rest before beginning the new life here. Many came here that way from the last terrible war.

To those whom death has chosen in a slowly passing manner, we will say: "Remember that each day brings you nearer to the beautiful rest of this place. Hard and bitter days have you endured there—but rest and ease and happiness await you here." To the sorrowing ones there we would say: "Your loved ones here do not want you to bring beautiful flowers to lay on the graves where their left-behind bodies are lying. They would prefer that you take these pretty, smiling flowers to places where they are needed. Take them to the homes where the sick and crippled lie, to the people in prisons, to those who are shut away from the light. Flowers will bring happiness to those who are sick and weary. Do not take them to the graves. They do not belong there."

When one comes here whose earth life has been blackened by sin, he finds himself blind to the beauty of our world. He cannot see the glory here because his eyes are still earthbound. The eyes of sin that never were raised beyond earthly pursuits and earthly pleasures and desires and comforts are not able to see the brightness and grandeur of this life. Sin has clouded the vision. This is why we say sin is black. A long, long time it takes to turn those earthbound eyes to the glory of this place.

Many come here in that blackened state of sin—so many we could not count them. We beg those who are filled with sin to heed this message: "Think on what befalls you after you die."

Souls that have been stunted by selfishness and greed come here unknown, unwanted and for a long time unmet. Those who come here as such are sad sights. There is no limit to their despair until the first hands of aid are extended to them. The one who is most to be grieved over here is the suicide. He has committed the greatest sin against life, and his fate is even harder than the fate of the most wicked criminal that comes. One who cuts short his life there on earth has not bettered his condition. A person who comes here by his own hand finds himself always standing in the one place watching others moving upward, far beyond him. He stays in that place and works out his life the same as if he had remained on earth until his appointed time had come. He sees enacted the same scenes he would have gone through—the same sorrows—the same joys. No change relieves him until the time set for his coming here has arrived.

When you come here you will see a silent and immovable group that never changes its position. They stand as if waiting for something. The thing they are waiting for is the coming of the time that was the right time for them to come.

The suicide's fate is the fate most of all to be dreaded. Heartbreaks and sadness follow in his wake there. Worse than heartbreaks and sadness meet him here.

The Trials of Earth Life

DEATH—WE HAVE ALREADY DEFINED DEATH AS BEING THE ENTRANCE into the Happy Land, so that death is not to be called a sorrow of the earth.

The financial aspect of the world is the one we will now deal with. First, take the schoolboy. His trials consist of his lessons day by day lest the master's hand fall heavily upon him. Soon the school is over, and he finds the broad door of the world open before him. All too eager he is to enter upon the road to which this door leads. The first idea he has is to become great and famous. To that end he rushes into the first thing that is opened to him. Sometimes it is nothing more than a small clerkship. He goes on for another and another year. As time passes, he becomes less and less happy. Farther and farther away do fame and fortunes seem, and so go the first five years. He enters into the second five years, and he finds there too the progress is just as slow as it was during the first five years. Thus he stumbles along into old age. Not yet has he tasted of the fame and glory which seemed so near him when he first entered into the door of the great world. At last, with weary feet and dimmed eyes, he falls into the grave.

Then behold the awakening! The first thing he sees is his own life. Just as he lived it on earth. Not one step in the long dreary journey was wrong! All through his life he did the thing that had seemed right and honorable to him. Not ever had he faltered when the road was hard. In some way he surmounted the obstacles and kept on. In this way, though his earth life was a failure in that he had never reached fame and glory, still he lived this earth life in the best way he knew how to live it. Now he enters into the life of the soul, and here again fame and glory beckon him. On earth he had never acquired even the first step toward this goal. Farther and farther away it had seemed each day, yet in truth as he struggled through the routine of his daily work, not ever once dreaming that he was accomplishing anything worthwhile, he in reality was building the first steps in the future life. He was progressing toward the goal which he had long sought on earth. Not ever had his ambitions been wrong. It was only that fate was against his ever reaching anything he had dreamed of gaining.

It is thus with each individual. The one there on earth, who fights and works out his own salvation, no matter how lowly it be, so long as it is fulfilling the place he was meant to fill, is the one who finds the eternal life offers him a smooth road upon which to travel toward the goal he had set as the end of his earth life. The one who is most tried there is the one fated to rise high here. The one who enjoys all the material things of the earth is the one who loses his soul in the mad fight for these things. On earth, the soul worth polishing, worth grinding in the mortar of earth troubles, is the soul destined to be one of the leaders here.

What matters it that earth life is full of trials, hard work and disappointments? When that soul leaves the short earth life, it enters into the eternal life fully prepared to take its place among the higher dwellers who hold the reins of power here. What matters it that the bread was black and the wine bitter dregs if when that soul comes here, it feeds upon the finest nectar?

Farther away than the purple mists on the high mountain will fame and glory remain to some, until they reach the Happy Land. Then will they feast to their utmost desire. Those who suffer on earth and wonder why it is that others seem to have all the good things of the earth, take deep thought on this: That long ago your soul was found by God to be one of the finest diamonds among the rough stones of the earth, and He is only polishing and grinding it on every surface and at every angle so that when you come here you will be entirely fitted to hold a high place among his helpers.

Let us consider those who have few trials on earth, for there are many such. These are the dross of the earth—the fillers-in as it were. They may be ones of great wealth, having all the luxuries that money can buy, but of what use are they? Not one of them has ever suffered hunger because he has given his bread to another. Not one of them has ever been cold on account of having wrapped another in his coat. Not ever has one of these suffered in any way to help another. Rather would it have been better to have died at birth than to have led his

useless life, for there is a strange law between the two worlds. It is this:

That one who helps others on earth is the one who comes here best fitted to be a helper here. To be a helper here is something to be hoped for. It means that the one who is chosen to be one of the band of Helpers is already sitting on His right hand.

A Requiem of the Air

THE FLY-IN-THE-AIR SHIPS HAVE BROUGHT THEIR TOLL OF SOULS HERE. Long have we watched these ships, and sorrowful have we been at the thoughtlessness by which these souls are sent here before their time in ships which are still imperfect. Let sorrowful thoughts at the loss of these beings be turned into joy, for never before did souls enter into this unseen world in so beautiful a manner.

One frail ship-of-the-air fell into the sea, insensible to the glorious sight it presented. So weirdly beautiful was this icy frailty that the sea claimed, that we ourselves stood in awe at its splendor. Each tiny crystal of ice covering this ship glowed with a thousand colors, and great streamers of light formed by the blinding rays of the sun, attracted by its covering of ice, followed it as it plunged into the sea.

Not ever was there such a sight! Covered with a winding sheet woven by the deft fingers of the frost spirit was this ship, and lovingly were these faces within covered with a lacey net, lest they feel the cold impact of the icy waves. Lovingly was this fine veil woven, and lovingly were these figures swathed round and round about with this glistening robe so ethereal in its texture that it needed but a breath to destroy it. Here and there swept this glittering ship for a short time, then weighed down by the glistening ice crystals, unheralded and unseen, the tie was severed and the thing which had risen so

gloriously into the air darted into the black depths of the sea—such a marvelous sight that we closed our eyes at the beauty of it.

We cannot fathom the distance this spectacle of beauty reached. We only know that two souls arrived here. These shuddered for a moment as they rose to the surface of the waters, then, lighter even than the blinding flashes of the sun, they were wafted upward to take their places with the unseen throng.

Another ship-of-the-air came here. Countless myriads of star-eyed fishes watched it as it hung for a moment on the crest of a black rolling wave before it took the fatal plunge. All that we could see for an instant were waves rolling and rolling over this frail barque. Then—all at once—saw three souls appear and on their faces a look of surprise. High aloft hung the Southern Cross, and far and near the sea gleamed with a phosphorescent light, and from the far distant Southern seas came the sad chant of the fringed palms on their shores. Strong and clear was this wail of the weeping palms at first, then less and less audibly did this mournful chant arise, until just as dawn broke these souls were ushered into eternity. Still the dark rolling waves of the Southern seas sweep over this frail ship, but harmless are they now, for already have its occupants entered into their eternal home.

There came another shipload of souls and again we wept. This time gray fog enveloped the ship. Gray clouds overhead and a gray sea beneath, and gray streamers of fog followed in its wake as gray seagulls with hoarse cries swept after this flying thing of the air, and beat their wings in sad unison at the fate they saw awaiting it.

Well they knew the three intrepid souls within would soon be in the Forever-Ever Land! Not often is such a strange fate meted out to things of the earth. Slithering here and there in the gray sea walls of waves, finally this ship lost its bearings entirely and, like a reed overborne by a strong wind, with one despairing lurch it succumbed and was swallowed up by the gray sea. The gray seagulls with mournful tone swept on the gray sky above and the gray sea beneath, and the gray streamers of fog helped in the desolation of the picture.

Others came here. One came in a burst of flame. Another by a cruel crash, and all because of the folly of man, who in his blind haste to conquer the realm of the air loses again and again. Not ever will man be satisfied. Not ever will the sea give up its dead, nor the earth its crumbling skeletons. Not ever will the air return those lost in the battle to rule it, but the souls of those lost in the sea, and the souls of those lost on land, and the souls of those lost in the air will all gather in the great unseen world, and as such fulfill this Ruler's motive—in that the soul which He gave returns to Him for its eternal home, whether it be lost on sea, or land, or in the air.

The Throngs That Came Here During the Last War

BEFORE THE LAST WAR WE SAW AN ENORMOUS BLOW COMING TO the earth. Sooner even than we expected, the blow fell. In the hazy streets we saw great crowds of men gathering and then suddenly the whole earth seemed to be in mortal combat. It was not long before great crowds of souls began to come here. Then all at once we saw a strange thing happening.

All over the earth a little group of very high souls sped with this message: "Would it not be better to drown these wars forever than to have so many strong men of the earth swept into eternity before their time?" And then another strange thing happened—out of the East came a great light, and looking closely it was revealed that this great brilliancy was the attendant light of a great soul. As the light grew brighter and brighter, all the fowls of the earth came to life and began to stretch themselves and to shout their welcome to this great messenger from the other world.

Then the soul spoke: "All you peoples of the earth take notice! Soon the earth itself will pass away! All things of the earth will be gone!" At this all the ears of the earth opened to listen and the great

messenger seeing all the eyes of the earth upon him shouted again: "What reason is there for all of you being divided among yourselves?" And the peoples of the earth answered:

"We are many nations here and we each must hold our own lands, and our own seas, and our own borders!" At that the messenger shouted again: "Why not divide the earth evenly among you and build a fortress about each domain and remain there a little country, each by itself? And as such withhold the arm of wars from the seas?"

And yet again the eyes of the peoples were turned toward the messenger and they in their turn cried: "Not so easy a thing is it to divide the earth. Little glory would there be to each if we all controlled the same amount." Then the messenger said: "There is room enough for every nation of the earth to live in peace and luxury if they live friendly with each other instead of as enemies."

Then the peoples became angry in their hearts and cried: "This talk is most distasteful to us. We are rivals—not friends, and as such, each must stand up for its own rights and must guard its own monuments, and its shores and its lakes and it must provide itself with armed guards and with ships that fly in the air and with ships that go under the water as fishes."

Then the peoples of the earth listened in silence, but there was no answer. For the great messenger answered not, but before the eyes of the multitude slowly it turned into a statue and as such it stands there to this day. And if you would know what that statue represents, I will tell you. In appearance it is nothing more nor less than the cross and there striking the eyes in full relief, hangs the youth of the land, crucified by the avarice and the greed of men and nations. As such the statue will stand there, a mute appeal to the hearts of the people of the earth to stop their slaying of each other, and to stop their wrangling over the seas, and over the mountains and over their territorial rights. The statue will stand there on guard until the throes of war in the world are sunk deep in the sea, and until all the nations of the earth awake to the fact that they are one people with one mind and one God to whom they must give account of their lives. The

sham of great battles and the glory of great conflicts with all their attendant horrors must be strangled in their sleep like infant reptiles, born of a strange family of serpents that crawls here and there entering into the homes and creating ruin and destruction in its wake.

Strangle the greed and the avarice of the nations. Let the people of the earth rise to a great perfection in their arts and trades and craftsmanships. Forsake the sea as a warring place. Let the gray seagulls marvel at the show of affection as one ship from one nation passes a ship from another nation. Let the shores resound with glad acclaim at the arrival of foreigners and on each and every throne of each and every nation let there be kindled a fire that will forever burn—a symbol of the friendship that binds every nation into a great chain of love and unity and where the God whom all these nations adore will reign.

Men Who Were Killed in the War

IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THEM COME HERE AS WE DID! MANY SOULS came here at the same time—here a soul alone, and there a great cloud of these souls!

Suffering and heart-breaking sights we saw! We saw many come so quickly, bewildered at the sudden change! There were more than enough of us on hand to help them. Those who came here smiling were the ones who could see us, but some could not see us. Many—many—came here smiling. It was because we were waiting to meet them, and they saw us! But many could not see us. We tried to help them as they came. We tried to help them the very instant they left their earth body. Big, strong men—they could not understand where they were. "Where am I?" was the cry of many. These were the ones difficult to meet. It was hard to make them believe, because many had not known of a life after death.

It was difficult to make them understand that they had left the earth body. They kept saying, "We are there yet! We are there yet!"

One would say, "Where is my gun?" Another would say, looking around, "Where is the message I was carrying." Thus they began to look around to find the things they had been carrying. They looked at each other and asked, "Where is this one, where that one? Something is wrong. I don't understand."

They said this over and over: "I must hurry. I was hungry. Yet I am not hungry now. I was thirsty, yet I am not thirsty now. I must hurry and do this I was sent to do."

We tried to explain, but they would not listen. Then we used the word, death. We told them they had died, for we knew they would understand that. But they said, "Dead? We are more alive than we were! We feel brighter!" They said, "Something is gone!" They did not know what was gone. We said, "It is your body that is gone. You are here with us now. You are in the world after death."

Then they said, "Explain this to us." And we explained and explained. It took many hundreds of us and many hours to make them understand. They had come so quickly! One minute they were there, striving and struggling—hot, thirsty, weary and hungry, and the next moment, here, feeling nothing—no pain, no hunger, no thirst, no weariness, and yet they could not believe this was death. We had to tell them again and yet again that they had entered this other world through death. Finally they did understand. Then they began to mourn for their friends. They said, "What will my mother say? What will my people say? What shall I do to help them? They will say I am dead. How can I get to them?"

We tried to get to their people. But their people could not see us or hear us. Hundreds of places we went to these people to tell them that their son was here, alive and only sorrowing over their not knowing this. But they could not understand. The weeping and mourning that reached us made us sad, but we could not help.

We wandered all over the earth, carrying the message that these men lost in battle still lived, and yet we reached no one. We tell you:

They live. Some are helping others; others still needing help. Some were good; others wicked. They go on up just the same—each according to his merits.

Some are resting yet—the ones that came quickly did not need rest at all. Those who had become exhausted through many weary weeks and months of warfare are still resting. Soon they will awake. Soon they, too, will be busy in some work they are wanting to do.

The cry of these men is this: "TELL THEM THAT WE LIVE! THAT WE ARE WITH THEM! THE ONLY SORROW WE HAVE IS THE SORROW IN THEIR HEARTS ABOUT US THAT REACHES US HERE."

They say, "This war seems useless, but it was to be. It was to bring about certain events upon which the entire future of the world rested."

Each one who came here so rudely snatched from earth life goes on to carry out some work of interest to him. Some carry it on through mental suggestion to those still on earth. And he will say, "I get it to him all right; he is going to do it my way!"

Some would go back to the war fronts where they were fighting. They wanted to wait for their friends. These first men who came here helped the later comers. They would go up and say, "Well, how is it?" Just like men on earth talking to each other. They would use the same expressions as on the battlefield— "Well, hello, how are you?" That manner was easier for them than for us.

And thus they came. We saw whole groups come. And the strangest thing was the group of those about to enter battle, being attended by a cloud of those who had entered this world already. Attended by this supporting cloud of souls, the marching men would sometimes look up and say, "Why, I almost could swear I saw the rest of the company that was lost in that last terrible onslaught!"

Another would say, "I am positive my brother smiled at me from that drifting cloud. Must have been imagination, but I feel better! Not so much alone!" We watched many of these clouds, knowing full well that the marching men were about to arrive here, attended

by these clouds of marching-along-with-them former comrades-in-arms.

They said, "The next war is on the way. It will be even worse than the war before. Next time more sorrow, more bitterness, much more cruelty! There will be more treachery—more hidden bad things! There will be more physical suffering!"

America's Next War

*(Transcribed from notes dictated by Mrs. Bush on
Thanksgiving Day, 1922, to Sally MacDougall)*

WE SEE SOMETHING THAT MUST BE TOLD. A LONG AND BITTER WAR is on the way. Much more bitter than the last war. This war is at your doors. Swiftly and silently will it come, like a thief in the night. So quickly will it come that the empty fields of the evening will be covered with warriors' tents in the morning.

It will start far off in the Southern seas and it will sweep across the peaceful ocean, engulfing the Islands of Rest on the way, islands where the sun sets in black and gold splendor, the islands that are now seething with internal fervor to be delivered into the hands of their own people.

For long years a Far Eastern nation has coveted these same islands. Their little men are now here and there, discussing these things. "To take these islands," they say, "we must have war. And before we can have war, we must have strong friends." And so they go to that Northern nation where the men are fair and rosy-cheeked and these men will stand beside them. Far away and long ago these nations were banded together for this very purpose.

One little island known to you will be a first prize of war. It will fall into the hands of the conquerors without a gun being fired in its defense. Treachery delivers it easily. From there they sweep on to

islands whose beauty is known all over the world. There brother meets brother and again the same war god smiles on them.

Your country will awaken too late. With this awakening will come the cry for more arms and more men. The enemy will strike from their ships in the air and their ships in the sea at the same time. Tall buildings will fall. Proud ships will go down to oblivion. Terror will reign throughout the land. War will strike both coasts at the same time and in the same manner—a thing long planned by these enemy nations.

From the faraway country of the fiery dragon will come aid. This aid will come through drawing on the strength of the enemy by keeping that nation engaged at home.

The bear of the great barren snow-covered hills will growl and these growlings will be heard all over the world. She will cast out her hated usurpers and will regain her lost possessions and she will become a nation to be feared. Russia sends ships here and there and sends men here and there against the Japanese. This calls Japanese attention to them. Japan cannot send any more soldiers to your country. That is how Russia comes to your aid. In the end Russia gets back all her possessions—all her mines and her rivers, her mountains and fields. The enemies are driven out entirely—driven out and Russia rules.

The way China comes to your aid is this: I must protect my shores. And she throws out these offensive many men and many ships. The Japanese say, "We are not liking this. We must keep our ships at home to guard our country from China." That is how China comes to your aid. China's heart is good toward you. China rises on its dragon to be a proud nation of the East after this. She will use her own power then and she will be feared. Russia will be feared. Russia will be one of the strong nations of the world.

The soft summer seas will see many terrifying sights. They will see ships torn asunder and people cast adrift. The agony that sweeps over the bosom of these waters has never been paralleled. Bitter sorrow will reign in your country. Sadness will rule every home. There will be torture in every bosom.

Finally the end will come. Not a glorifying end for your country. The invaders will be driven out. Swiftly and pridefully did they come. Slowly, yet with pride, will they go. Your country will rise again, but never to her former splendor. Bereft of her islands, she saves her shores. The land of the proud eagle, emerging from her ruins, will pay a bitter price for her mistake in not guarding and keeping her own country safe from attack. Her short-sightedness in lack of preparation never will be atoned for. I told you before, America will lie low, in the dust. It is her own fault. Tonnage of pride she has now. Tonnage of shame after this war. This is true. I see it at your doors. You need not be afraid to write it.

The invaders leave woe and desolation in their path, but they are driven out. Hard to be driven out. Forced inch by inch. Even on the ships they are forced. But they say, "We will come back." This country doesn't let them come back and America rises. It says, OUR GREAT MISTAKE. IT COST US OUR ISLANDS AND THE LIVES OF OUR MEN. IT COST US OUR FORTUNES AND OUR HOMES AND OUR FAMILIES. The mistake was this: Not enough ships—not enough ships, not enough air ships, not enough soldiers on land or sea, not enough anything.

Ten or twenty hundred ships should be built now. Rattle these ships of the air and these ships in the water, for the greatest war of the world is on the way. Feet are now pattering over the earth. These tiny feet are the feet of war.

Froned petty things are not needed now. Tears of joy are not the kind that will help. Woeful faces will not straighten things out. Hands that hang at the sides or feet that drag on errands will not help. The right way is to get ships and armies, to show force, not to kill but to save. Show them eyes like steel, hands that do not tremble, feet that walk straight. Show them firmness. The armies for peace are the armies we want. You have the proud information that could help.

Belabored by evil hard-to-understand things I see America. The first thing I see is that she has not enough ships, not enough of the right kind of ships. She should have the defense of the birds, those ships

that fly in the air. And she should have the defense of the fishes, those ships that go like this—in the water. She should have the defense of the lion and of the thing that crawls, boldness and cunning—boldness and resolute and secret cunning and she should use them. Danger faces her on all sides. Interest is centered in her. Her coasts are exposed. Defenseless they stand. Jinxed by the winds, the only things to protect them are the tiny wavering-in-their-own tracks, poorly defensive, not enough of them, not enough well trained, not enough fed-on-the-food-of-a-crowded nation—which means not the right defense. Not ever entirely settled or satisfied as to their future destiny should trouble arise. These defenses stand there. "Welcome to the enemy," they say openly.

Enemies will close in on this country. Enemies will attack it from the air, on the shores and from the deep seas. Jinxed from the skies will these bullets fall like hail and this country will lose her crown of gold. Her heart will be as the water that flows in the stagnant pool.

She has the power within her shores to forbid all this. But will she use it? Ask the men at the top. Their answer will be this: "Everything is entirely as we want it. Everything is entirely right."

This is the answer to what we have told you.

The first cause of the war was this peace cry that went over the world, the strongest, harshest cry of war that could be spread. It means BRING BLOODY WAR. This cry of peace started weakness at the bottom. The weakness grew and grew and grew. And now the weakness deprives this country of men and ships and provisions. And so it was the fault of this tall, thin man in the big house, with his white hands outstretched, saying, LET THERE BE PEACE. His reign was the beginning of the weakness of the United States. Not strong for good ever.

There will be one big man. He is not even heard of yet. He is going to come out of the West or the Mid-West. He is not an Eastern man. He is a bold, hard man, the kind you need for governing. Not even heard of. If he were there now, this war would not be. He will say, LET THERE BE MEN, LET THERE BE SHIPS. It will take

years to get these men and these ships. He will say, I want these things. And they will come. But not in time.

Nations now on top will be at the bottom. America will seethe with internal trouble after the war, worse trouble than ever before. There will be dissension and trouble, almost civil war. The people will say THIS GOVERNMENT IS NOT RIGHT OR WE WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THIS WAR. One will be for this, another for that and they will be bitter, but in the end they unite and a strong rich country grows up. Not as high as it has ever been again. This man will gather up the loose ends of the nation's web.

England will lose India. This is a crisis for England. Seeds are being sown for the loss of India. England will lose her soil of the ages. She will lose her biggest ships' landing place. She will lose her land rondled by the sun.

The Fate of Children Here

YOU WONDER ABOUT THE FATE OF CHILDREN HERE. WHEN A CHILD dies many hands are reached out to help it. On its arrival here it is surrounded by beautiful kind faces. Children have no sins to be atoned for and they go up as the pure in heart always go up. These little ones reach ecstasy before grown people. They grow as they go up and they learn as they grow. When the parents of children come here, their children who have come here before are the first ones to greet them. They come down from the heights to meet these loved ones. Anyone can come down but none may go up to the heights except by the usual routine of ascent. Every child grows to maturity in this world. Here all reach the pinnacle between youth and old age and there all remain. The ones who came aged and worn receive their youth again here. The little ones reach maturity.

Children are a gift from God and should be treated as such. A wel-

come should await them in every home. They should be surrounded with love and be taught all good and pure things. Children are the source of all good and happiness. What their lives shall be depends on the early teaching. The evil minded are afraid of children because they cannot face the pure in heart. The heart that does not respond to these little ones is a heart to be feared. Let the children be taught that love rules our world. They should be taught that when they die they will come to a beautiful and wonderful place where they will be entirely happy. A place where loving arms will be reached out to them and loving hearts will greet them. Let their minds be freed from the terror of death. Life there will be easier for them if they are taught to believe in a future life. The tiny hearts of children are easily comforted. They are not fitted for suffering. Little hearts easily broken by grief respond to kindness and that kindness is not forgotten. A child's heart with its love goes out to the hand that helps it and the love of a child is the purest and best in the world.

Children are the flowers of the earth. Bitter hearts and tired eyes are gladdened by the sight of flowers and children. If the children were gone from the earth, the brightest things in the world would be gone. Laughter and pleasure and hope would be gone. Sorrow and desolation would reign. Children are the beginning and the end of all things.

Children and Death

WHY ARE CHILDREN TAUGHT TO FEAR DEATH? WHY ARE THEY GIVEN the impression that death is wrong? Why are they told that death is a horror? Why are they told that death is unhappy? Why are they told that when they enter the chamber of death, they must walk softly, that they must speak in whispers, that they must bear no happy look on their faces, and that smiles must not appear?

All around them they hear the subdued footsteps and the muffled

voices. They see all the marks of tragedy, and so they whisper also softly to themselves, "Death is terrible!" and they glance at the cold, waxy face, and they see in it a thing to fear. They stand silently before this thing they fear. This fear haunts them for long afterward. Even in the night this terror overtakes them.

This must all be changed. The smallest child should be taught that death brings a happy change. A change into a happier higher life where there are still duties to perform and great things to be accomplished.

The terror of death must be taken from them. They must be taught that death is nothing but the leaving of the old home by the soul which has developed into a thing of beauty, just as the chrysalis releases the gorgeous butterfly when it is ready for the new life. Teach the child that death is happy instead of sad.

Children and Allegory of the Flowers

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF FLOWERS ON EARTH, BUT THE ONES MOST loved by us are the children. Many children have the gift of seeing us—we people of this other world. Perhaps originally it was from the fact that children saw us that the belief in fairies sprang. Children should be trained as young trees are trained. Take a small tree that has as yet not much strength. Shelter it and cover it from the heat and from the cold. Keep it in a secluded spot where the North Wind cannot beat too heavily upon it, and where the summer sun cannot burn it with its rays, and what is the result?

At first you have a fine strong sapling apparently, but the first time the North Wind strikes it too hard or the summer sun beats upon it too radiantly, you will have nothing but a wilted stalk where before you had a straight, proud, young tree.

So it is with children. See that they have the right food and drink for the soul as well as for the body. See that they are not too sheltered from the hardships of the world. See that they learn discretion from their own experiences. So that, instead of a hot-house flower you will have a sturdy flower that will be worth being part of the foundation of society.

Allegory

Once, while upon earth, I visited a hot-house. All under glass were to be seen more perfect flowers than I had seen in many a day. All through the hot-house I wandered. Not one flower did I see that was not entirely perfect and happy. They seemed to be far ahead of anything I had ever even dreamed of seeing. As I left I said: "It is wrong to allow flowers to suffer from the cold and the frost, and all sorts of hardships. Better to gather all the flowers of the earth together and see that they reach maturity in steam-fitted, glass-roofed houses such as the one I have just left."

Just then I noticed a tiny garden filled with all sorts of flowers nestling beside an old weather-beaten cottage. The flowers all seemed to be thriving, although they had no glass roof over them. Their fragrance scented the air for miles around, and all the time tiny butterflies came and honeybees, and all sorts of things of the air, to sip of their sweetness. Not so with the hot-house flowers: closely held in was their fragrance, and not one breath of it lifted a trace of sadness from the face of the passerby.

A week passed. Again I sought the hot-house and its fragrant dwellers. As I neared the place, I heard a still, small voice wailing, and looking closely in the fence corner near the hot-house, I saw a little scratching-my-hand nettle, and I said: "What is the matter, you little scratching-my-hand thing?" And it murmured: "I spoke to the Frost Spirit as he came by this morning and I said: 'There inside that hot-house are thousands of flowers whose heads are turned by their happy lives! I wonder why *they* should have such a happy life and *I* should have nothing?'"

"And the Frost Spirit answered: 'I myself will step in there softly and take a look around at all these flowers!'"

Then, said the little scratching-my-hand thing, "I said to the Frost Spirit: 'Please leave the door open only one moment that I may peep in and hear what they say to you!'"

And the tiny ugly flower continued: "Just then a being came out who had been admiring the flowers in the hot-house, with her face all wreathed in smiles until she spied me, and then she openly kicked me with her slippered foot, saying: 'I hate the sight of your criss-cross-eyed little face! Be not touching my foot even!' And she passed on, leaving bitter tears in my heart.

"But," continued the little homely flower, "I said to the Frost Spirit: 'Let me enter into the hot-house with you. Perhaps I, too, may grow tall, fragrant and beautiful.' And we entered together. We had not been there long before all the flowers shivered and shook and the Frost Spirit said: 'Why, these flowers are so frightened at the sight of me even that I think I shall return to the outside world!' And we returned to the outside world."

Then the little homely flower said: "As the Frost Spirit was bidding me goodbye, I asked him, 'And where are you going now?' and he said: 'I am now going to tease the flowers in the garden by the cottage.' And then I said: 'Let me step along briskly with you,' and as he said it was all right, I went along with him. As we came to the garden sought by us, I saw a startled look come over the faces of these flowers at the sight of the Frost Spirit, and then I saw a strange sight. Each and every one of those flowers simply curled up its leaves and stood there defiantly, bravery in every little face lifted to the Frost Spirit. Shame-faced the Frost Spirit crept away, and as he stung the faces of the passerby, he whispered to me: 'I will let the garden flowers stand for another week. They have earned their lives. Stand they shall until the last bitter summons comes from the King of the North, telling me to lay low their heads!'"

After telling me this story of the hot-house flowers and the Frost Spirit, the little criss-cross-eyed flower crept gratefully back to its home

in the fence corner, thankful for its hardihood which the flowers of the hot-house did not possess.

But, to continue—What about the hot-house flowers? Those that shivered and shook at the sight only of the Frost Spirit, as he visited them for the tiniest part of a second? I will tell you. As I again reached the spot where I dwell, I saw the man who had treated these flowers so handsomely by covering them with glass and keeping the summer heat and the cold frost away from them, come out carrying the strangest assortment of dead and dying flowers. There was but little life left in anything in that whole hot-house as the result of the short visit made by the Frost Spirit—and I said to this man: “Where are the flowers of yesterday?” He answered sadly, motioning to the flowers: “Here they are—the dead things that lost their life so easily. Only one breath of the Frost Spirit and they left me!”

Then I said: “Gather knowledge from this! Treat your flowers hereafter as the man in the little cottage treats his flowers! Only go there and see how straight and tall they stand, with their leaves all curled up in defiance of the Frost Spirit!”

At my bidding he went there and saw these garden flowers, standing there so staunchly with their brave little hearts showing in their faces, and he said: “This is the lesson of life! It is better to train flowers to lean on themselves and better to strengthen them to that end, so that they themselves will be able to withstand the many blows which may assail them at any time unawares.”

Lonely Hearts

THERE IS SOMETHING WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALL HELP US TO relieve. Will you not help us to bring happy thoughts to these lonely people of whom there are so many in your world? We see so many lonely hearts they cannot be counted. They are in the busy streets and

in the quiet walks of the country. One kind word spoken to these would lift them and brighten their hearts for a day.

When you travel or walk by sea or land could you not try to bring happiness to at least one person each day? Always be ready to give a cheerful word to the lonely. Many a face will look up with joy at the kind tone of your voice.

Loneliness is a living death and many it drives here before their time only to meet the sad fate of the suicide of which we have told you.

To the lonely we will say: “Know that you are not alone. You are surrounded by friends even though you cannot see them. Gentle, kind and loving, they reach out their hands to help you. Each person in your world is surrounded by friends from our world. Many tired and solitary people who think they are alone have their own circle of high souls about them. You may think you are alone. If you only knew! All your loved ones whom you miss are still with you.”

When people there are gathered together, each one brings his own circle of unseen friends. Instead of a few, as you suppose, there may be hundreds. A lonely person may have so many around him that, were he to know their number and identity, he would be more than awed as you would be did you know how great the number around you yourself. These are his own loved and lost, old friends and people called to him by his lonely state because they want to comfort him. In the high places the lonely of heart are mostly to be found. All the grandeur and wealth in the world cannot bring comfort to the heart alone.

Confidence in the Future

THIS IS A SUBJECT THAT SHOULD APPEAL TO ALL. CONFIDENCE IS THE first thing that is necessary for one who desires success. The things that succeed are the things based on confidence.

There are many angles to this thing called "confidence." The first requirement is to show confidence in the people with whom one is associated. Confidence in those around you will beget confidence. Confidence is another word for "trust." Trust is faith. Faith is at the bottom of success. The tree that stands sturdy and strong against all vicissitudes of fortune is the tree that sends its shoots deep into the earth until it finds a firm foundation on which to start building. This is the foundation of all success. Strength of will and confidence together will overcome all obstacles.

Trees of the forest are of many kinds. There is the tree with the beautiful fingered leaves, with berries that later on glow red in the sun—the mountain ash. The hardy oak beside it has nothing glowing about it, but the oak will withstand centuries of cold and hardships, while the tree of great beauty will soon complete the cycle of its life and die. The strength of the oak is demonstrated by the uses it is put to. The ship that rocks in the trough of the sea, made of sturdy oak, is the one that stands best the buffets of the waves.

The storms of life are best met by those whose lives have been based on a firm foundation. Adversity has its uses. Take the plant which forces its way through the dry rocky soil. If it succumbs to the dryness and the heat of the sun, instead of harnessing its resources in fighting for its life, it is not worth the trouble of planting. If the soil is rich and easily gives it life and there is no fight for its survival, then there is no fortitude bred in it.

The life that counts most is the life that is well rounded out—that has had all its angles polished by adversity, and emerges stronger and better for the struggle.

Just as the rough diamond is taken by the polisher of fine stones and ground and finished until it shows its highest luster, so the perfect life is the one that shows the most glowing light when viewed as a whole. The entire life need not be spent in sadness and hardships to accomplish this glowing result, but there must be a certain amount of difficulties to overcome before the life is perfected as a whole.

Affection

THERE IS NO AFFECTION ON EARTH THAT COMPARES WITH THE AFFECTION between two souls here. Affection on earth seems to be more a disturbing influence than a happy state of existence. Here affection between two souls brings those together in such a way that they have the same interests, the same vision of something high which they desire to reach. There is no confusion of interests, no difference of opinion as to the future of some plan they wish to work out together.

Here groups of souls work together. They travel along the same lines toward the Infinite Thing that rules. There is no subterfuge among these souls that are on the way to advancement. Their hearts are open and clear to each other. To the one who best understands the Ruler's wish, the others give heed. There is no envy of station or place here. They agree to work out the scheme which they are interested in with the same degree of patience and endeavor on the part of each.

There is no "higher than thou" here. Take a handful of sand. It all seems to be the same as to each granule, only that some reflect the light and color to a higher degree. It is the same with a group of souls here. All functioning together. Yet among them there are some leaders. These leaders are the ones who bring the scheme of the entire group to Perfection. It is thus with the countless hordes of souls here. Among them are souls more shining than others, and to these shining souls is given the leadership.

In this manner, one by one, each group of souls is led into the great Perfection, which finally embraces all who come here. There is no fatuous Creator here who loves one and hates another, helping one group and placing difficulties before another group. All come under the benign influence of the great heart that controls the earth and its inhabitants until they have entered into this heaven where each and every soul gains its exact right and share of all things of the future life.

A strange thing is this affection. Not one soul is alone here. There is no loneliness of heart. Each heart has its own soul-mate patterned-to-be-with-it by the Great Creator. Together they mount to the eternal life, motivated by the same desire to become part of the great Ecstasy or Perfection—the Light of the world.

Interesting Things of the Earth Life That Are Brought to the Spirit World

THOSE WHO COME HERE THINKING THAT THE THINGS THEY DELIGHTED in on earth will be the same things they will enjoy here are wrong. The first glimpse of the spirit world shows them the fallacy of such expectation.

The shower of light that surrounds them as they open their eyes here is supreme proof that the light of the earth was of little account in comparison with the light of the spirit world. The worries of earth life appear too small even to be remembered. All those petty irritating things which caused sleepless nights on earth are wiped out, as it were.

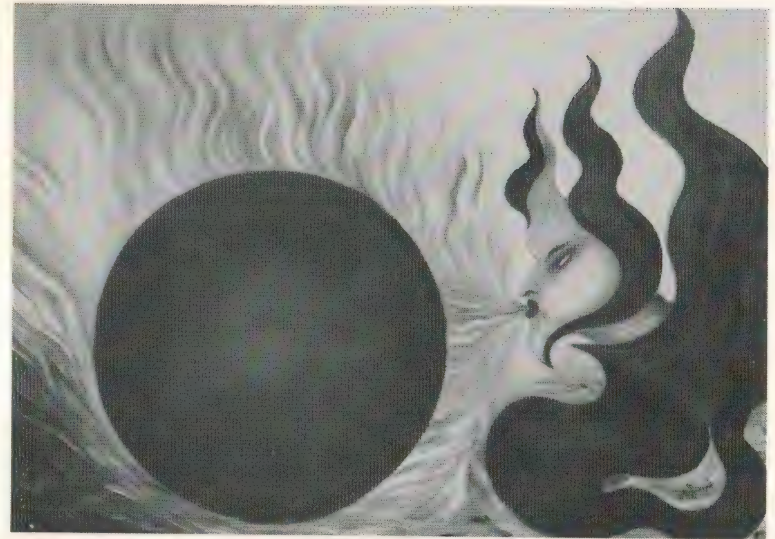
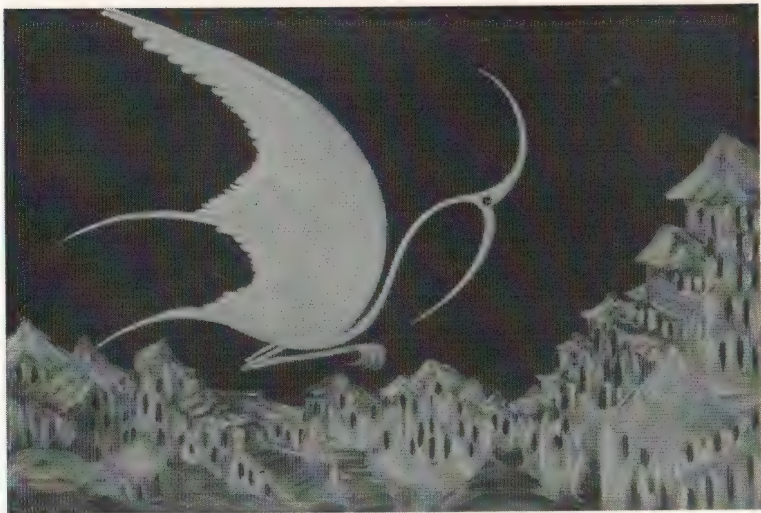
They begin to realize that the hopeful time of their life has at last arrived. Just as a sparrow joyfully takes a bath in the pool by the roadside left there by the kind spring rain, just so the soul purges itself of all irritating, worrisome things, and with renewed energy smoothes and composes itself into the new personality into which it fits so perfectly.

With bright eyes and hopeful attitude, it begins the long strenuous climb upward. And now begins the time they remember earth desires. There floats before their eyes the memory of a tiny delicate morsel they loved to eat while on earth. Then, they realize the taste of that same earth morsel is in their heart and they feast upon it. This applies to all things of the earth as regards taste. In vivid imagination they again eat and drink of the things of the earth.

A GROUP OF BLACK-AND-WHITE PAINTINGS IN OIL

BY MARIAN SPORE BUSH

*The gaunt bird of famine hovers over the deserted
starved village*



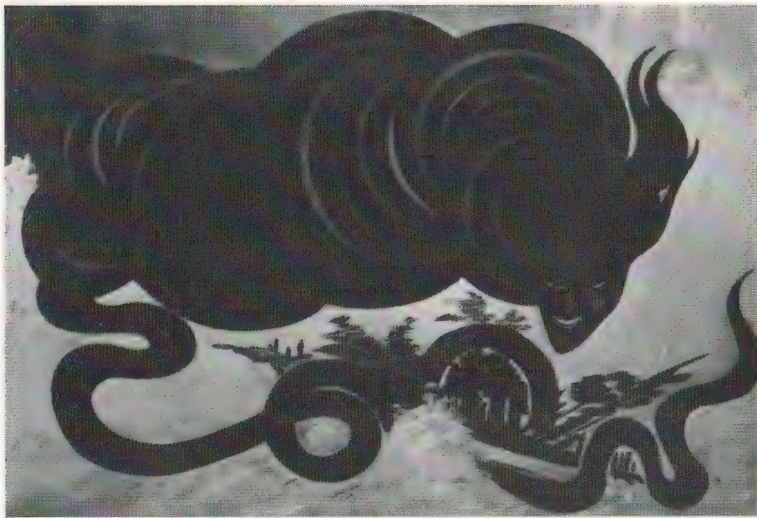
*The world aflame — the breath of the devil setting fire
to the entire world*



Peace



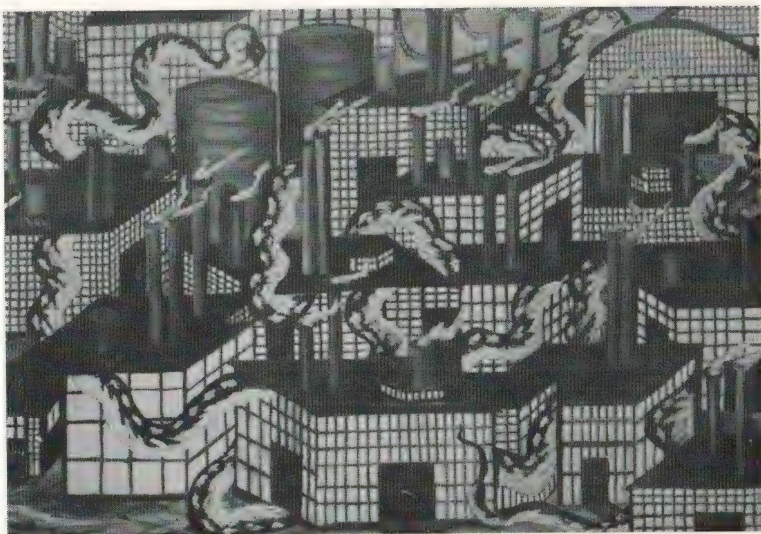
The crucifixion of the Jews



The tornado — with a warship wrapped in its tail

*Greed — the master mind of warfare — draws the rope
consisting of armed men through the
war machine to death*

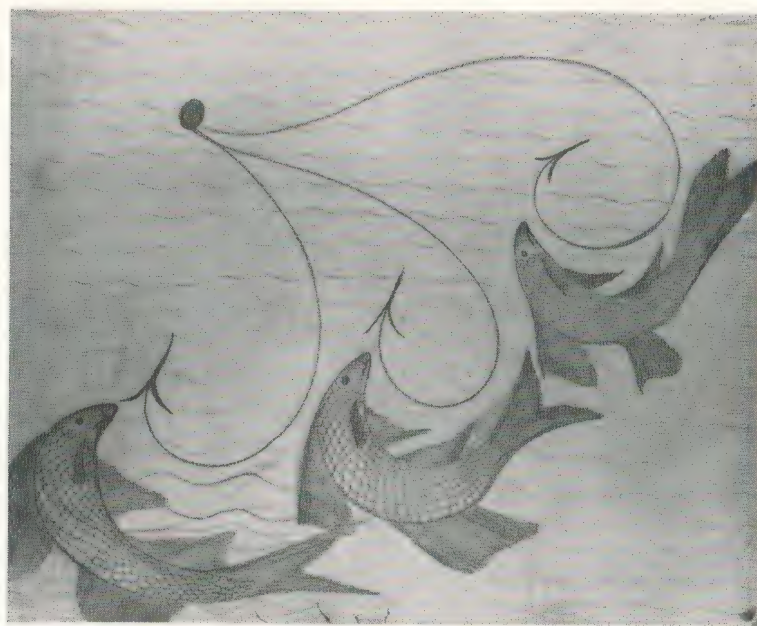


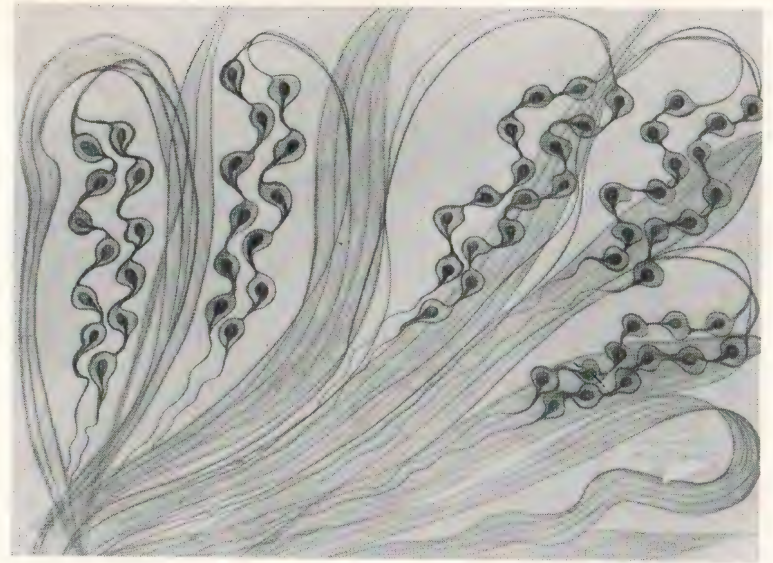


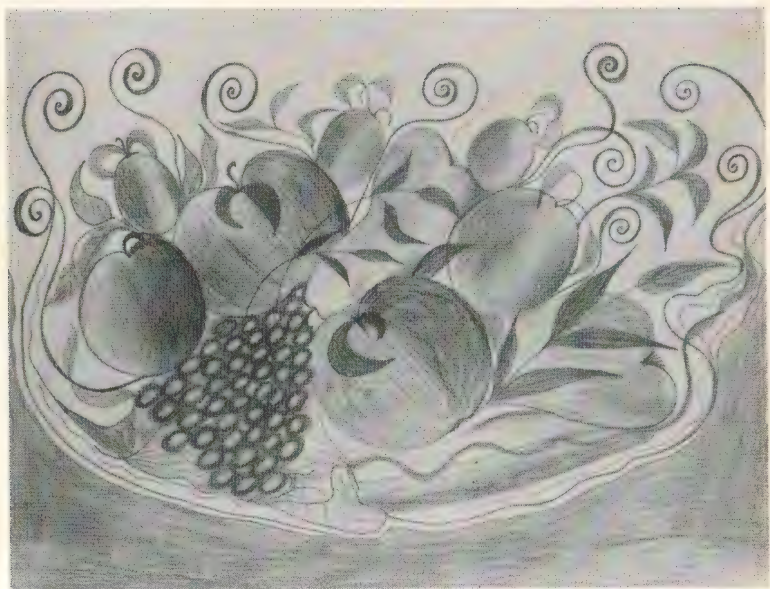
Sabotage

A GROUP OF DRAWINGS

These drawings are a small part of two hundred and seventy-five made by Marian Spore Bush during the first year after the planchette was discarded for the drawing pencil









As regards other things—garments as an example—the same thing holds true. “Only let me feel the soft texture of the gown I loved so well,” and lo! there it again adorns the figure. It is thus with all other material things of the earth. Once felt and enjoyed on earth, the happy things are doubly enjoyed here.

Jewels

WE HAVE THE EYES THAT SEE THE BEAUTY OF JEWELS. ALWAYS THE sapphire has been the jewel we loved most. The reason is that it bears in its heart the purest tone of all colors. To us, it seems as if it were a tear that dropped from the heavens when the Saviour was nailed to the cross. Long ago, we saw a sapphire lying deep down in the earth. It seemed all too shallow a grave for such a tear to be lying there. Then, as we watched, a trifling thing happened. From the Far North came a cloud. This cloud resolved itself into snowflakes, and as the snowflakes fell, covering the earth, the sapphire was hidden from our eyes. Even yet it lies there. If you would pluck the sapphire from its shallow grave, only follow the Northern Star. Listen to the North Wind for a moment. It will tell you where lies the sapphire and the Northern Star will guide you to where it rests.

We will tell you more about jewels. Here is a temple in which rest many jewels; the emeralds with the sheen of the glistening green of the forest. Diamonds with their rainbow lights. Pearls with their soft glistening luster. Lapis lazuli in its rich blue tones. Topaz of the yellow eye. The ruby with blood-red heart. Corals with soft ivory and pale rose splendor. Opals with countless iridescent lights. All the beautiful jewels are here awaiting your coming. As the shifting lights above shine on these jewels, the heart of the beholder is transported into such a bewilderment of colorful beauty that the eyes can scarce endure it.

Such is the grandeur of soul life. Never let fall a tear of sorrow. It crystallizes into a sapphire, and as such waits here till you come to claim it, and if there be many of these tears, you will be weighed down with the weight of these sapphires until you are gradually freed of them as you progress on into the happiness of the soul world.

Truth

UNTRUTH IS THE GREATEST WEAPON THE DEVIL HAS TO USE AGAINST his enemy—Righteousness.

Truth as it is now seen on your earth is like a rusty sword lying in the mire where it was thrown, overgrown with weeds.

It lies there discarded. Soon it will have vanished from the face of the earth entirely unless it is taken up from the mire and ground anew, and sheathed in a scabbard ready for use.

The uses of Truth are manifold.

Here They interrupt their own essay on truth and say, "Set the kettle on—let us talk a bit. The future holds out its arms to you. Future is the goddess we call Fate. She is the one that directs the wheel of life. Sometimes Fate appears to stop the wheel for a time, but it is not stopped as you think. It is only that she slows it down to allow the things to happen at the time they should happen. Sometimes she hurries the wheel, and then you say, 'What a terrifying thing happened today,' as you express surprise at some happy or sad thing that has happened. Then Fate whispers in her sleeve, 'I had to hurry it, but I got it there at the right time!' Fate rules. She holds the wheel of life in her hands. As she wills, it goes fast or slowly. Sometimes she stops it entirely for a time. Then again it starts on its cycle of happiness and sadness."

Love

THE LOVE WE BEAR HERE FOR EACH OTHER IS SO WONDERFUL WE CANNOT describe it to you. It is so far above the greatest love of your world that you could not understand. The love that rules in our world is greater and stronger than earth love. It encompasses everything that is good and grand and beautiful. Here it is love of soul for soul, the highest and noblest love to be thought of. No mature soul here is without its companion and once they meet they are never separated, through all eternity. They enjoy all the pleasures of the highest and purest love, so high above the joys of earth love that they cannot be compared.

We see many people on earth sad because they are unloved. Love awaits them here. Here kind meets kind—mind calls to mind—intellect calls to intellect—love calls to love. We never meet anyone or anything that is antagonistic. That is why we are entirely happy. The frustrations met in our upward progress are unattended by the personal antagonisms so often met with on earth.

Cultivation of Love and Affection for Those Animals That Surround You

WE SEE LOVE AND AFFECTION IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE ANIMALS THAT surround you. These creatures have souls and their souls live here. When they die their souls go upward to another world of peace and restfulness. Where great affection has existed between them and their people on earth, their souls are allowed to come to the soul world of these people they loved on earth. They are free to come and go as they will between their own soul world and that of the soul world of earth people.

They go up faster but not as far as earth people's souls. Smoothly and swiftly they go to their permanent resting place. There is no need for their progress to be slowed because they have committed no sins to be atoned for. They have broken no laws among themselves. They have done no wrongs to be accounted for. There is no more connection between us and these animals here than there was on earth.

These dumb beasts were put in the world for the good of people and were not destined to be cruelly mistreated. We see terrible places where quivering frightened animals are awaiting their doom—they have thoughts and their eyes see far in the distance. They see things in a different light than you see. They see the beyond that is not for human eyes to behold. In their hearts we see terror and the fear of death. They know that death in some horrible form is upon them. They whisper to each other: "It is here." You may see them standing there quietly stricken with terror. Then they are here. That surprises you for you had not thought that these animals lived again. If you would study them you could see the soul in their eyes. Affection, strong affection, exists among them, as anyone knows who has watched them with their young. All animals that were put on earth have their place there. The crawling things are there for a purpose, just as the singing birds. All have their use. We cannot explain why some should be destroyed by others unless it be a means whereby they must sustain their life. It seems to be part of the great scheme of earth life. We see a dividing line between different animals. Perhaps we can make it plain that only those that have affection have souls. Those animals that have souls have a light above them to designate this difference.

The laws of your earth should govern the existence and distribution of animals in such a manner that cruelty and inhumanity be not practiced—that these animals be cared for in such a way that they fulfill their destiny for the good of mankind as they were destined to do in the beginning.

Those Crippled or Blind

THIS CHAPTER IS FOR THOSE WHO ARE CRIPPLED OR BLIND, OR IN ANY way deprived of their senses.

Let us take the case of the crippled child who has never walked. That child saw all the other children skipping and jumping around, and while it seemed to feel itself bereft of this joy, still it did not feel the same as the child who became crippled after having experienced all these joys.

There seems to be a law that governs these things. Perhaps this child's sense of hearing is more acute, or else it has more perfect eyesight. Always there will be something in the way of an added gift which the child seems to possess. And, even though that child is crippled, it may give some great work to the world. Always a loss to some part of the body will show itself in added power in some other means of expression in the person.

Take the one whose gift of hearing is gone. Some other of the senses will become more acute. With the blind, although they cannot see, their sense of touch is many times more sensitive.

This suffices for earth afflictions and their compensation. But let the one who has been a cripple come here. The first time this cripple opens his eyes, he sees not the crutches he hobbled on here and there, nor the wheeled chair in which he was borne, but he sees something entirely different—something happy. It is that he finds himself perfectly whole in body, and as such he dreams no more of stupidly watching others as they stride forth, but he too finds he has every power of moving about. No more are the crutches or the wheeled chair needed.

With one who has been blind, and who comes here untaught as to what the sense of sight means, such are the glories that unfold themselves to these eyes sightless before that they can scarcely be estimated. The power to see by these former sightless eyes will be such that the former blind one will say, "What a blessing it is that I saw nothing of earth things! The cruelties and the horrors of earth have not been

brought here by these sightless eyes. Now nothing but these glories do I see."

It is thus with the ailing who come here. Here there is not one flaw! Here there is not one quiver of a tiny nerve being wrong! Here there is not one flash of an ache or pain suffered so long there. In this Happy Land all troubles of the earth are thrown away. Not ever even thought of again are these stings and tortures of earth life! Better it is to be happy there than to be thinking that these burdens of earth are to be lasting forever. While the earth endures, its people will worry and fret over troubles which last but a moment at the longest, for such is the advantage of Eternal Life that each life is but a moment in the long cycle from the time the soul is born until it becomes again part of that Perfection of God from whence it came.

This place in which we live is not altogether different from your earth, although it is unlimited in its extent. It has the essence of everything your earth has. It has more than enough flowers, more than enough hills, more than enough trees. It has something else—the great everlasting light which penetrates to the farthest corners, yet casts no shadows.

Here the trees flourish in perennial verdure, and no yellowing frost tinges them with death colors. No matter how glorified your forests in autumnal splendor, streaked with currant red, saffron yellow, pale gold and earth brown, regardless of all their brilliant effects, still it is only the idea of the ruling Fate—God, if you wish to call it, that makes this last attempt to transport life here as a dream of beauty instead of letting the forest die and dissolve in a death devoid of beauty in your earth eyes.

Take the flowers themselves as they float here and there. What a difference in their aspect from that which they had on earth! Here they glow with lights your eyes have never seen. No withered leaves among their foliage, no fading blossoms here, no half-petaled flowers! All retain their iridescent colors, and all exhale their sweetest perfume!

Sometimes a strange thing happens here. A great number of the

same family of flowers lose themselves in a whirl of ecstasy. They fly hither and thither in a delicious drift of joy, scenting the ambient air as they drift leisurely along, or at some caprice of the summer wind leap higher and higher and hang like many colored stars in the shimmering sky overhead.

There are other things we will tell you about. One is that the little children here have their own sylvan schools. There are huge trees under which the children sit, and while breathing in knowledge without hard study they hear the songs of birds and the trickling of the small stream which flows over silvery pebbles beside them. Along with this, their faces are kissed by the soft petals of the flowers which sweep past them in garlanded masses of radiant color, leaving in their wake perfume of ineffable delicacy.

As the children sit beneath this great tree, they are not told that they are stupid, or that they fail to understand, or are not duly interested, but rather they are taught forbearance toward the less able to assimilate knowledge rapidly, and they are instructed to help instead of showing contempt.

These children learn things here that they would never have learned had they remained in the dull, heavy earth atmosphere.

We hear one of them saying to the others, "What is the reason we are all so happy together? Why is it that once I was treated harshly by the others because it was my misfortune to have been born with hunched shoulders and with a face terribly unhappy in its contorted features?" As this same child looked around, she noticed that she was even now the center of a gay throng of small companions, just as she had been on earth. But now, instead of receiving taunts and blows, she had become one of the foremost among these happy children. Summoning up courage, she hied herself to the brookside, and there reflected on the silvery surface, she saw herself transformed into a creature comely of face and figure. With a throb of joy she realized that with the change from earth life to soul life, she had cast off the ungainly, crippled earth shell and now wore her true soul form.

And so it is with these older cripples of earth. Since they have

loosened the fetters of their earth shell and their souls have assumed their true form in this world of everlasting life, they forget the former state of being and take on a happier air even than that of others who had been favored with normal faces and figures while on earth.

Gossip

WE PROMISED TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE EVILS OF THE EARTH. THE first among these is gossip. We see this evil as a beast with many tongues. It seems to feast upon the rancid odor of decayed hearsay things that it has dug up here and there in its feverish ramble after sordid news.

This many-tongued animal is found in the homes of the highest, as well as in those of the most humble. It seeks out the hidden corners of the house, wherever it is. Here it picks up a tiny tid-bit and there another, and it takes these tiny tid-bits and plants them where they will fester and grow, and cast their rancid odor upon the breeze. So bad stories grow! So they reach the ears of the many!

In the bright sunlight these loathsome plants fade a little. In the dusk of the evening, in the hidden places, and in quiet places where there is no fresh air or sunlight, these plants grow best. We will tell you how this monster finds stories. It hears a tiny whisper somewhere. It listens. Then it creeps softly to where the whisper is heard. As it stands there, it holds its big ears open wide, and after it has heard the evil whispers, it thinks, "Now where can I best plant the whisper? Where is the soil best fitted for its growth?"

It goes here and there to find fertile soil. Finally it finds exactly the right place. There it plants its evil news. It strengthens the whisper a tiny bit. Weak spots are mended, so that the whole will be ready to grow and thrive when placed in the new soil. Then gossip creeps away,

and leaves the festering plant to bear fruit, and goes forth to seek more evil.

It has many of these hateful things growing in various stages. Always it plants these whispers in the soil that will best favor the evil. And thus the seed is sown, the fruit ripens, and the air is soon filled with the rancid odor. Gossip is nurtured and grows in the wake of heartaches, and ruin and disgrace are spread.

The Conquest of Fear

FEAR IS THE DEMON THAT DOGS THE STEPS OF ALL WHO TREAD THE earth. Fear drags down more hearts than hope can raise. Fear follows the high and the lowly.

Fear is usually the first thing the child is taught. It fears the dark instinctively. It should be taught that the darkness of night is no more menace than the shadows of the trees in the daytime. The child should early in life be taught to find things in the dark. It is by this simple method that fear of the dark can be eliminated from the childish mind.

How much better it would be to teach the child fearlessness of the dark forest trees than to teach it that goblins lurk there. All the long day the child plays in the forest, but when night creeps on and the shadows begin to lengthen into unfamiliar forms, then fear enters into the heart of the child and it cries out in alarm. How much better to teach the child that the shadows are nothing but the friendly pictures of the trees that the sinking sun traces on the ground!

All through the day the sad thought has been fostered in the child's mind: "When the shadows creep forth, I must hasten home or evil will befall me." How much better the first lesson in pictorial art dealing with the just distribution of light and shadow be taught instead of the thought that fear pursues!

Fear is the strongest enemy that menaces the welfare of man! It makes the heart quail! It lowers the resistance of courage in the face of attacks by the enemy! Once fear gains the ascendancy, abandon hope of success! Nothing but force of will can successfully combat the insidious thought of fear.

Fear holds the entire earth in its grasp. The people of the earth demonstrate fear by imagining the earth to be the meeting place of the most ferocious animals. As fear increases, these animals gather closer around; sometimes in serried ranks, ready to jump at people's throats at a moment's notice.

The terror of these poor deluded earth people can best be dissipated by attacking these imaginary foes that do not exist with a show of resolute defiance. In so doing these fears that have assumed such terrifying proportions will be found to crumble into nothing.

Let the person who fears only approach these ferocious animals—fears—and touch them with the poke of his finger. Lo and behold! They crumble into nothing—the dust of the roadside! Where before fear stood—an animal—a thing of terror, gnashing its teeth and ready to spring—now there remains nothing to be seen. Fear has faded into nothing! The courage that inspired the poke of the finger has turned the fiery animal into a thing of nothingness.

So, when fear assails you, take a good long look into the face of the animal. Look fear straight in the eye and say, "Fear, begone! I am stronger than you are," and watch fear crumble into the dust.

Envy

HERE IS AN ANIMAL WITH EYES SO SHARPLY EVIL THAT THEIR DARTS pierce the very soul of the person against whom they are directed. This animal lurks in all the highways and byways. There is no place free

from it. Sometimes it hunts alone, and sometimes in groups. No matter whom it strikes, it leaves him rocking with the poison of its venom.

It hurls itself with such ferocity that it many times hits others besides the intended victim. It hints never. It has the force of the devil back of it. It drives its sharpened javelins into the tender souls of its victim. The deeper they sink, the happier it is. This animal has a tongue steeped in venom. This tongue is never silent.

It heaps its abuse on the happy and the sad alike. It finds something in all to tear and destroy. It never sleeps. It feasts on nothing but the heartaches it causes here and there. It sleeps only when it has planted discord in every heart.

Envy should not be fostered. By its shrill cries it turns the ears of the many against the one whom it strikes. Mercy it has not. Shame it has not. It grasps the whole earth in its talons. Country may rise against country on its account. Clan against clan.

An enormously wicked thing is envy. Once started, it disrupts wherever its darts are directed. It holds not one sacred.

Distress

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS ON EARTH TO TROUBLE ONE. FIRST, THERE is the great fear for the future. Every one who comes here seems to have dreaded the future worse than a hundred dragons. What is the reason for this dread of the future? Not many bad things happen, after all. The worst possible thing is the ogre—Death. Is that not so? Since the thing most feared is Death—either for oneself or someone near—why not destroy this fear by understanding what Death really is. Death is not a thing to be feared. It is not right to treat it as the saddest thing that could happen to one. It is a thing to be met fairly and squarely.

The way to face Death is, "What is there about this Death that I am afraid to face? Is it that I am afraid of the physical suffering that attends the step between? Is it that I am afraid of the future life? If it be the future life that I fear, why should I not hear just what to expect after Death? If Death is the end of everything, then there is nothing to fear if all is oblivion. But if there is a happier life after this end of earth life, then I should be happy to hasten forward into that other life. The Fountain of Youth—so long sought for—is only the entrance of the soul into the next world. The state of happiness that exists there is only that wished-for things—unfilled ambitions—will be entered into with all the zest of a new person who sees success ahead."

Things of Beauty

THERE ARE MANY BEAUTIFUL THINGS HERE THAT WE HAVE NOT YET told you about. The swinging shadows cast by the great globes of light overhead are not at rest for an instant. Always in motion, sometimes the dark shadows predominate, sometimes the lighter shadows. All around us here are these shifting shadows, and far above is the great magnificent light, so penetrating that it causes the eyes of the newly arrived to flicker until they become accustomed to it.

Not ever could these eyes stand the darkness of the earth again. The very brightest day on earth would be nothing but darkest midnight here. Just as we compare the light of the earth to the light of the soul world, so are other sensations of earth increased in depth here. For instance, take the case of the child that came here last night. It had been told many times that Death was the dark door it must pass through as all mortals did when their life was over. Death had been pictured as a thing of horror to the child, and as a victim of such teaching it arrived here. At first, its fear-widened eyes looked this way and that. Then, seeing all about it bright, golden light, with glorious

flowers of all hues floating about, it began to notice the faces around it. There, too, it found, instead of fear-ridden souls, faces with the very essence of joy in their eyes. Then, it sensed a double caroling of the birds which flew in the leafy branches of the trees over its head.

Here it sensed the rollicking water of the tiny stream beside it, and farther away the tall trees bent and swayed as if they, too, were welcoming it to its new home. Even the things it had feared on earth were here. A lion, close beside it, greeted it by pressing its soft nose into its tiny hand. A snake, gliding here and there, cast only the reflection of a rainbow in its eyes as it coiled itself in its familiar place in the sun.

All through the forest rang and sang the thousand songs of countless warblers. The noise of the great sea was here, but instead of the mournful wailing which affects the ears of those on earth, it was more like heaps of golden shells falling rhythmically with the surge of the tide. Other things were here. The toys loved and lost so long ago—fresh and new—met its eyes, and fruits of all descriptions fell at its feet.

Nothing of earth terror was here to be alarmed about, and sooner than it takes us to tell the story, the child began to fear a return to earth, and in the fullest happiness it chose to remain here and take up its soul growth.

Another thing greets the eyes of the newly arrived soul. It is nothing more nor less than the enemy whose hand had been turned against it on earth. Now he is a friend. He has found the evils of the earth things of horror as it looks on them with eyes of the soul world, and abhors his very soul for having ascribed to them. The newly arrived soul finds its former enemy ready to greet it with eyes filled with contrition over the past, and happy now to be a kind and helpful friend.

The Happy Land

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THE HAPPY LAND. YOU HAVE HEARD that this is a place where the walks are of gold, where all the material glories of the earth exist. Let us tell you the truth about this place where you will spend eternal life.

Woe to those who try to force a belief in material things about this life. There is not one stone laid upon another to construct any sort of house or building. All things here are of the soul. This is a land of the most vivid imagination.

Let us tell you once more about the lightness of the soul. Breath of the sweetest flower that grows is ten million times heavier than is the soul. The soul is as fragile as a flittering reflection in a mirror. How fragile a thing it is can be judged by the fact that all the souls which have come here since the beginning of the world still occupy no space whatever.

False Messengers

BEAR WITNESS TO THE FACT THAT WE HAVE NO HANDS WITH WHICH TO handle things, since these hands of ours are so fragile, so without substance that they cannot cast the least shadow even in the strongest sunshine cast against the most intense darkness.

Do away with the stringed instruments, the dim lights and the pettifoggery that is like incense burning in the heart of the false messenger. Give us our due! Let us only touch your hand one second—you mental defective—with the cursed pettifoggery hidden deep in your closets and the thin drapery already concealed even in the caverns of your physical being, let us but touch your hand, and what would

happen to you? Death itself could not stifle the horror in your heart, should you really see one of us!

You who have fooled those sad hearts for so long, vampire bats are more savory to be fostered in one's heart than you who have feasted on the sadness of those who have asked you about their friends in the soul world!

Another Plea Against Fake Mediums

LET LOOSE THE HELL-HOUNDS OF THE LAW, LET THEM GATHER ALL those in their nets who are fattening themselves on the power they falsely profess to possess in being able to bring back those who have departed earth life.

Fasten the doors of the prisons on those who insist on making an income in this heinous manner. Remember there is no pathway between the two worlds upon which the feet of those who have left the earth can return. Were there even a flittering road of stardust, it would be sufficient for these souls which are so frail that their feet leave no tiny trail in the dust and their hands are lighter than the breath of the flower itself, but there is no road of stardust. There is *no* such thing as the physical materialization of spirits—and be not fooled by deceivers who claim that there is.

Therefore, we pray you deceivers for the sake of the Being upon whom all call in the last desperate moment, to purge yourself of the sins you have committed in foisting absurd things, connived at in secret, upon these easy-to-be-fooled persons, whose vision has been dimmed by their sadness.

Let those who honestly are in communication with those of the soul world keep these lines open. Perhaps some time a friend will meet a friend over this narrow bridge. Not often are definite messages sent. There are laws which govern the soul world. The enormity of space—

all these things—hinder and lessen the definiteness of these messages.

Lest there be true messengers who are afraid to tell that they have received this gift, we beseech you, each and all, to lay aside your diffidence. Open your home to all who will listen. Tell them God, Himself, wishes the people to know that there is a soul world, and that He has opened the eyes of some, and they see these of the other world. To others He has given the power to hear, and to a few He has given both these gifts. But tell them and tell this most forcibly that God, Himself, definitely states that to NO ONE has he given the power to draw the appearance of the physical being from the soul world. We beseech you, lure us not with the dark. Toss the red light out of the window. Flood the dark room with God's own light. Tempt not the devil forth in all his glory, Satan who lies rampant to desecrate all things holy by dragging them into the hell of darkness where all things of noisome stench exist. Light is the emblem of the soul world, so let it shine on all things pertaining to the soul world.

Flowers

THERE ARE SEASONS HERE, AS YOU HAVE SEASONS THERE. THERE is a time here that compares with your summer time. It seems to be the time when most of the souls of the flowers come here. Whole clouds of flowers come here with every breath of the summer wind. The dead stalks are left on earth, the soul of the flowers comes here.

Not many years ago I lived in a tiny house on the bank of a flowing river. Not ever a day passed but that a flower was tossed into the river. It seemed to me that there was always a flower on the crest of the waves. One day I determined to gather these flowers as they floated by on the wave, and see what motley assortment I would have by even-tide.

The first flower brought to me was nothing but a tiny, careless field daisy which had lost its head in the river by bending over too far to view its reflection in the waters below. Next, it was the much petaled dandelion, whose fluffy head, filled with innocent notions of life, had intrigued the passerby enough so that he plucked it, and then tiring of it had tossed it into the stream. Next, came a rose blown there by the South Wind, and there, following the rose, a forget-me-not, with its sad little face all spotted with tears, was gathered from a wave which was gently bearing it onward. Even a thistle came to me with its gorgeous purple crest all soggy and matted by the waters. Many more came—each of different hue and scent and formation. Finally, at the end of the day I said, "Now what shall I do with all these different flowers—no two alike? Not enough fine glassware in the house to give each a separate resting place."

Yet they all seemed to choose to rest alone. So, I asked one of them—the rose in fact—whether it wished to be alone or whether it would rest with the dandelion, and it said stiffly, "I prefer to stand there in the fine glass entirely alone." And I asked the dandelion if it wished to be alone, and it too said primly, "I prefer to be alone in the earthen jar." It was thus with each separate flower. Not any two of them wished to be together, and I was in a quandary. I did not want to toss them back into the river, and yet I had no place to keep them separately as they wished.

At last, my tall neighbor from across the way came over, and when I showed him the assortment of flowers and told him my problem, he quickly solved it for me. He rudely gathered all the flowers together—even the prickly thistle—and said, "If there is so little brotherly love among you, I will see to it that you get a chance to become acquainted, and then perhaps you will realize what it means to be saved from the river instead of drifting out to sea." Saying this, he gathered all the flowers together and placed them in a large earthen jar.

Then, the strangest thing happened. Every flower that had been so stiff and straight all by itself, gradually moved closer to its fellow companion, and soon there was the most beautiful, artistically arranged

bouquet of flowers, even the thistle filling in the color scheme, so perfect was the companionship.

As it is with flowers, so it is with people. They are all too anxious to be the highest one. Each one seems to possess a certain mean, contemptible pride which holds him aloof from his fellowmen, and yet when this reserve is broken down, he finds that he has become one of a great band of fellowmen, who, take them all together, form the same beautiful, artistically arranged companionship as the flowers tossed to me as gifts from the river formed.

Let us tell you about the flowers over here.

Since the soul of each flower comes here, you can well imagine how many flowers have entered into this place. Sometimes, as we gather in groups here, we are surprised to see a cloud of these flowers wafted over our heads. Imagine a great cloud of the sweet-scented narcissi, their snowy petals glistening, as they slowly drift over us. Or, as we casually glance at a river flowing beside us, what do we see but a mass of the purple iris with perhaps a tiny cloud of forget-me-nots in their wake.

Since the souls of the flowers are as living as the souls of those who come here, they too have their meeting places. Sometimes we will see a great expanse of flowers of all colors of the rainbow. A stately sunflower may be among them, with myriads of roses—some shell pink, some of deep crimson, while others will be of pale gold and still others of creamy white.

Little do the people of the earth know of the glories of this other world. Sometimes the pine trees with their ever-shifting green lend their color to these flower gatherings, and sometimes a purple cloud dips lowly over them, as they snuggle their flower heads together. Not ever do you see a flower alone here. They always seem to travel in crowds, and yet sometimes the tall sunflower may seem to be alone. But look closely—great scores of delphinium, heavenly blue, may be gathered at its feet, or perhaps a crimson rambler with its countless blooms will be twining its arms around it.

Even among the flowers love rules. Rivers ever flowing there are,

and yet not one turbulent. It is so with the trees. Never do the leaves fall. Never does the frost sting them until their heart's blood shows. Nor do the petals of these flowers lose their freshness, or a stain appear in their hearts. And so it is with the souls of the people who come here. Back to the age when all their faculties and all their beauty of form and figure was at its fullest do the souls return. Not ever do they age, nor do their eyes grow dim, and never are they moving slowly on their feet. The luster of their hair surpasses any luster it ever possessed on earth. Startling pure is their appearance here—as light as the thistle-down—and yet not even that can compare with the lightness of the soul. So fine are they that you can carry one thousand on the point of the finest needle, and then see the bare point of the needle, meaning that the souls are without weight. They are immeasurably finer than the lightest breath of the summer wind.

They, too, drift in clouds as the flowers do, and sometimes it is hard to distinguish between a cloud of these souls and a cloud of these flowers.

It is thus with soul life—so different from earth life. Earth life is a tremendously heart-sad thing. It takes all one's strength and energy for the completion of one day's duties on earth.

Flowers should not be strewn over the graves of the dead. Such a fluttering little drift of flower souls comes over here at each funeral on earth. Many of these flower souls are in great sadness over their early removal from earth life. Leave the flowers growing where they stand, that they may fulfill their destiny—that is, to complete the cycle of flower life, coming to full flower and then throwing their seeds to the wind.

There is a reason for leaving the flowers to their own way of life. Farther away climes than you men of the earth know of will receive their share of the seeds if they are left to the winds to sow. Many flowers have been found of value in the treatment of diseases. Let these flowers fulfill their mission in life as man dictates, for the welfare of mankind. But the ones used for useless adornment of the person

or household should be spared the shears. Why separate them from their own life, if they are only to be sniffed for a moment and then cast in the dust?

The return to funeral flowers. It is truly a fitting emblem to have the soul of man attended by many souls, but why foster such an idea? Why not let the living take full enjoyment of the flowers, and at the same time let the flowers live and enjoy their own life? What a soul-inspiring sight it would be if all the flowers cast on the funeral pyre could be left to their own way of living! Those who barter in the deaths of these flowers are cruelly guilty of the murder of these flowers. Many a time these very men in their own hearts feel a little twinge as if the flowers were begging them to let them survive the sharp knife which separates the flower from the earth. Many such flower merchants there are, and how strongly armed they are to deal with such a frail thing as the soul of a flower.

Yet the soul of that flower is as great, as strong as the soul of the man who strikes the fatal blow at the life of the flower on earth. Let the flowers remain in their own realm of life. Let them glorify the earth in all their beauty until the time comes for them to die and allow their flower seeds to reinhabit the earth until they have flown across the great seas and inured themselves to the hardships of the North and to the tropical heat of the darksome jungle. Who knows that a stranger, more interesting flower might not originate from these flowers left to the winds to plant in distant climes. Long years ago there was a tiny flower that grew in a Southern clime. Not long before a fierce-eyed eagle of the air swooped down upon this star-eyed flower and, grasping it in its sharp beak, soared aloft. Tiring of the tiny floweret which it had grasped only in a moment when the swaying wind had turned the face of the flower to it, it soon threw it to one side far up among the clouds, and then, seeing a bitter, frosty rock, the tiny floweret lay gasping. Then, life coursing through its veins, it groped here and there casting about for some line to which it might cling.

Soon its tiny roots found an anchorage, and now where once a tiny, snowy, star-faced flower reclined in the deep jungle, teased on all sides

by the glorious orchids which hung over it in the great pride of their own beauty and made the little flower hide bitter tears in its heart at its own insignificance, there now glows in the far-up frosty air the edelweiss—that strange flower of the frost for the possession of whose beauty many a gallant heart has fallen to destruction in the vain attempt to grasp it from the snowy fortress where it dwells—star-eyed flower of the ice world, emblem of purity.

Of Interest

ALL COLORS ARE MOVING RAYS OF LIGHT. WHEN WE SEE A GORGEOUS flower, we sense it as quivering rays of light of different vibrations. That is, some colors have a faster quivering than others.

There is many a man who starts out in life with the idea of reaching something very high. Not many men of the earth reach the height they set out to reach. The first time they receive a blow, they overcome it. The second blow is a little harder to beat, and so on until finally they are completely overwhelmed.

What becomes of all these hopes and ambitions? Do not think for an instant that they have been lost. They inhabit the earth as definitely as if they were individuals, and they still hang around the person who built them up out of his own heart sadness and heart happiness. Little by little, they assume shape—they take form, they assume the position in life they would have had, had they been the successful issue that they were intended to be. They are still part and parcel of that being who builded them from the depths of his heart.

They only await the arrival of that person, their builder, in this spirit world to show themselves and again be taken up by him, and as such to be carried out to full completion. Not one thought that means a better or higher life on earth is cast in the discard. Each thought that means something higher or better, each dream that is dreamed, each

fine deed that is meant to be accomplished, every kind thought, everything that tends to the betterment of the human race LIVES.

The things that die are the cruel thoughts, the wrong thing, the evil deeds planned, and all things that tend to the destruction of happiness—these are the things that die.

Let us all give life to kind thoughts and to kind deeds—to wholesome fear of doing wrong. Let the whole earth be welded together by one sweeping thought, and let that thought be this: "For the betterment of the human race, let us all be soldiers marching under the one banner, inscribed with these words, 'God is Love, and Love rules the world.'"

Personal Things

ONE NIGHT WHEN I HAD MET WITH A VERY PAINFUL ACCIDENT AND was restless, the following day They said: "Last night we crept in with a star for a light to see if you were resting and, finding you asleep, we left, for you were sleeping like an infant. The star showed your face as it will be when you come here. It seemed in the light of the star that you were already here. Such is the power of the starlight that it shows the faces there it shines on as they will be when they come here—so beautifully freed of all troubles."

Jeanne d'Arc was attuned to receive the vibrations of those in the other world who wished to use her as a means to help her country. They led her to death, but They led her to the highest things of the earth first. She was destined to do more than the ordinary person for her country. She was not afraid to attend to the vibrations, which she called Her Voices. She came here unafraid, knowing it was meant that she should suffer for her belief. She has been here a long time. Because

she left earth things—suffering ignominy and torture for her belief—she has risen high, almost to the highest point. She was one of the Chosen Ones on earth.

We will tell you there are other worlds, the souls of whose people come here as the souls of your earth people come. There is a slight difference in the intellect. Some of these are so high intellectually that they have already reached the heights in communication between the two worlds. They seem to have learned long before your earth was formed that they should listen to the chosen ones from whom information regarding other world life was given.

With them it was not wrong to listen to other world things, and so they readily gave ear to it, and by so doing they have advanced to a much higher stage than you earth people. Many came into this soul world with a true conception of what they were to encounter, and as such have already received their happy place as part of this Great Light, or God, that rules.

Other worlds have long ago ceased to discard advice from the soul world source. Heeding this advice, they have reaped the benefit therefrom. On account of this, greater artists, greater writers, and all manner of greater craftsmen have entered into the soul world from these other worlds. Many of these people reached a very high degree of perfection while still on their earth.

Other things should be brought to your attention, you people of the earth. You are not right in one thing. Apparently you are against anything that seems really to touch upon the soul world. God is not ever thought of except a thing to be doubted and in many households laughed at. It is to these we speak. We wish you to understand, you people whose hearts are not interested in the soul world, that you will reap dire results from this lack of studying things of the soul world.

It is not as if you were not given the chance. You have every chance in the world to find out the things we are trying to tell you. We do not

wish to trouble you; because we love you, we want you to understand the difference is so slight between earth world and the soul world that we beg you to give ear to us.

There is no one upon the whole earth whom we are able to inform but those who have the Inner Hearing. To these we tell the things of this soul world which we know will be of use to them. We are not antagonistic to the ones who listen, but cannot hear. It is their misfortune and ours combined that there is not direct communication between us. We try to reach all, but only one in ten million has this gift of Inner Hearing. To this one in this great number we give our whole attention.

The sad part to us is that for many years there has been on your earth a growing tendency to try to teach wrong things about the soul world. For example, these false messengers pretend to show the faces of those who have entered this world to those left on earth. They show a draped form generally. Sometimes a hand is hastily withdrawn. All these manifestations are nothing but the evil thoughts and deeds which fester and grow in the hearts of those who have hopes of fortifying themselves in the hearts of those who dwell in sadness over the loss of loved ones. By these false manifestations, these false messengers drain the dollars from the very often empty-handed—very often soiled-with-tears hands of the mourners.

Could anything be more brutal than the false impersonation of a lost one to the one who mourns?

All the hideousness of the darksome rooms and lurid professions of the appearance of the departed should be abolished. We are things of God. We are not things of the Dark. Long years ago many of us came here, and since then we have learned through earth contacts that hidden things are not countenanced by God.

Christ Himself, the Light of the world, crucified through ignorance, appeared as a spirit in the form of his own body, showing the wounds of crucifixion, and he then reascended into heaven. His was the first spirit of which we know as a certainty that it was a thing of the spirit world and not of the earth. Since then other spirits have come from the

soul world, but not ever did you hear of one coming into a darkened séance room.

If what this God above has taught is true, then believe that if souls are to appear, they will not appear in darkened rooms, but rather in effulgent light. Rather break open the casket, drag forth the corpse from its winding sheet—show these things to the gaping mourner—than try to impose on his intellect the things which the false messenger has made with his own hands. Away with the dark séance room with its red light—sinister murder in its very glow. Nothing could be viler than the thought of the happy, lightsome spirit—a part of this great God, Himself, brought back through a dingy red-lighted room, filled with half-demented, heart-sad people almost bereft of their senses on account of the darkness.

Last Chapter

AND SO THIS IS A SMALL PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE SOUL WORLD. Much greater and much grander things than you people of the earth imagine are here.

Not ever can earth people realize the glory of the soul world. And so we beseech you take interest in the affairs of the earth! See to it that each day you perform some little act that will help in the foundation of your home *here*.

The earth will continue for aeons! All will pass away in the end! Summer with its heated winds and winter with its cold frosty breath! Spring with its flowers and fall with its rains streaming on the window panes! All these things will pass away!

But the soul will live. As part of the eternal God, it takes its place, and as long as The Light of the World, God himself, exists, the soul will live!

Appendix

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW OF THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS CONCERNING
MRS. BUSH'S WORK

(From *The Detroit Free Press*, August 12, 1923)

GIRL FORETOLD HARDING'S END

PSYCHIC WORLD IS STARTLED BY NUMEROUS
FULFILLMENTS OF HER PROPHECIES

New York, Aug. 11—Foretelling accurately that President Harding would not survive his journey, is one of the latest proofs offered by little Marian Spore that she is in communication with sources of information not available to the ordinary human being through the ordinary five senses.

The communication was not only received by her; it was written, dated and witnessed as have been other startling prophecies of hers, all of the evidence of which is now in the possession of the Society of Psychical Research.

(From *The Manchester City News*, September 15, 1923)

Tiny flames of war are smouldering all over the world, soon to be fanned into the greatest conflagration ever heard or seen.

Already the peoples of the earth are quietly making ready the forces of war.

Already men in high places speak softly and eagerly together in the deepest quietude.

Already blood flows.

Already fires burn on the hilltops to call the soldiers home.

Already the white sea gulls scream at the carnage on the sea.

Already the mountain pines weep and wail at the loss of the youth of the land.

Soon war in all its horror comes.

[154]

In the United States islands in the Pacific more and more trouble will break forth.

"The white man must go. Our country for ourselves.

"The flag of the hated usurper must be torn to shreds.

"The flag of our people must fly at the top."

In the country of the dragon—wheels within wheels.

Starvation and hunger rule more bitterly than the rulers of old.

Gone is the splendour of the ages.

Gone is the culture of the highest.

In their places skeletons in armour sit.

In their place comes a strong-handed ruler.

China's woes will falter and disappear. The richest empire of the East will rise slowly at first, then as a glorious never-to-be-scoffed-at sun it will rise in the firmament.

Japan, hiding here and there, seeking the fattest, juiciest prize, already has people without number in the high secret places of the nations.

Already the power of the sea and of the air is in their grasp.

"Victory for us," they cry in one voice.

The white hands of the lords of Russia are gone. In their place the offspring of the downtrodden serfs rule. Ruin seems the fate of this far-reaching country; but, united at last, one powerful nation they stand, as a rock unconquerable in the great whirlpool of the storm.

Germany will face bitter foes among her own brothers—joining hands with none openly.

Secretly she plots with the country of the dead-and-gone-for-ever nobles.

Russia's right hand she grasps in her left, meaning treachery when the first opening is given.

(From *The New York Journal*, November 1, 1924)

That is the prediction of Marion Spore, the young psychic artist, whose paintings and prophecies, both squeezed out of tubes controlled

[155]

by spirits, have startled two worlds. The worlds of art and psychic research. She says:

"Coolidge will be re-elected President of the United States."

"Smith will be re-elected Governor of New York State."

(From *The New York Times*, May 9, 1925)

PSYCHIC PREDICTS HYLAN WILL BE DEFEATED; FORECASTS FALL WILL AID SMITH'S FORTUNES

Marian Spore, psychic painter and forecaster, whose alleged power to predict things correctly is undergoing an exhaustive investigation by Dr. Walter F. Prince, spent an hour in the Board of Estimate Chamber yesterday morning watching Mayor Hylan and asking her psychic authorities about his chances this Fall.

Two weeks ago she was introduced to Mayor Hylan by a friend of the Mayor's who desired her to illuminate the Mayor's political future. At that time she made an answer which was unsatisfactory to the Mayor's friend and yesterday in the Board of Estimate Chamber she re-studied the Mayor's future to make sure there was no mistake.

"They—the spirits or whatever you wish to call them—tell me that he is going down to defeat," said Miss Spore afterward. "They say he is going to be defeated like that—like that." She illustrated with a sweep of the arm like a peevish chess player knocking the pieces off the board.

"They say," she continued, "that new things are springing up around him like a fence that is impregnable. His friends can't get to him to help him out. He can do nothing but hurt himself. Already, they say, he has thrown all caution to the winds. He deals, they say, with a clenched fist, but that fist has no strength in it.

"More than that, they say that his defeat will have a vast effect on the fortunes of another and greater man—they must mean Governor Smith. They tell me Mayor Hylan's downfall will be a great step upward in Governor Smith's career."

[156]

After faithfully reporting all that she had got by hearsay from her invisible advisers, Miss Spore went on:

"This surprises me greatly, because my common sense tells me that the Mayor must win. How can he lose with his great strength and with all the people that are behind him? Still, I know from experience that my common sense is wrong and that they—whoever they are—are right."

Miss Spore paints psychic pictures which have interested artists. Dr. Prince, who denounced Marjory and exposed the Halifax ghost and others, said of Miss Spore:

"Whether or not she gets her facts from spirits, as the messages testify, that she is often able to state facts provably unknown to her to a degree far beyond the limits of chance, has been absolutely proved to me."

LETTER OF DR. WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE

(Note: *Dr. Walter Franklin Prince was not only an outstanding figure in psychic research in America, but also in 1930 received the honor of election to the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research of London. The only other American ever elected to that position was the famous William James.*)

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, INC.

15 Lexington Avenue, New York

October 3, 1924.

Marian Spore is a psychic to whom I have devoted much study during the last five years. She presents a very unusual and remarkable phenomena, at least a part of which is quite beyond explanation by our present science.

Her honesty and general character are beyond doubt. Whatever she says is true as she understands it, and that is all that can be said of any one.

The development in artistic expression, untaught except by some interior process, a development which is still going on, is remarkable

[157]

and impressive. Able judges, whose opinions are of far greater value than mine, have expressed their admiration of her pictures. The late Professor Arthur Dow, head of the art department in Teachers College, Columbia University, a very conservative critic, paid her work marked attention on its own merits, apart from the peculiar fact that it is done without her conscious will or planning, and letters by him in my possession testify to his favorable opinion. She has developed artistic modes which are unique.

Her "message" work interests me still more. Whether or not she gets the facts from spirits, as the messages testify, that she is often able to state facts provably unknown to her to a degree far beyond the limits of chance, has been absolutely proved to me. No psychic in the world gets every detail, at all times and with all people, correctly, but she has told me a series of things, month after month, happening in my family and in my office, which she certainly could not have learned by any normal means.

Hers is a remarkable and perplexing case, which I recommend to the attention of those interested in the study of such matters.

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE,
Research and Executive Officer.

WFP/AMR